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Scenes and Adventures

ON

THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

BY

JOHN ESAIAS WARREN.

"Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendor of the solar zone."

MONTGOMERY.

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P R E F A C E .

THOSE who have wandered in strange and beautiful lands, where the wonderful objects around them have aroused emotions of delight and pleasure of which they were before unconscious, naturally feel a desire to communicate their impressions, either for the gratification of friends, or the entertainment of the public. The writer of this unpretending narrative frankly acknowledges that he has been influenced by both of these considerations. So little has of late been written on the subject of Brazil,—a country which in regard to its natural advantages is perhaps the most luxuriant in the world,—that he desires, if possible, to direct attention to the extraordinary magnificence and beauty of that province particularly which lies along the banks of the Amazon, and which extends from the shores of the Atlantic to the base of the towering Andes! Throughout this immense domain the reign of summer is perpetual and undisturbed. Scarcely

a murmur of civilization breaks upon the prevailing solitude! The gigantic forests are inhabited by tribes of savage Indians, birds of the most brilliant plumage, and serpents of innumerable varieties and enormous size. With truth therefore, may it be said, that

“Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole.”

New York, May 10, 1851.

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P A R A .

CHAPTER I.

Evening on the Amazon—The Harbor of Para—Promiscuous Bathing—A Brazilian Dinner—Beautiful Garden—Manufacture of India Rubber Shoes—First Night Ashore.

THE shades of evening were gathering fast upon the waters, when the little bark, in which we had safely crossed the wide expanse of ocean, now quietly anchored in the mighty river of the Amazons.

Through the rich twilight we were able to discern the white sandy shore, skirting a dense forest of perennial luxuriance and beauty. Gentle zephyrs, fraught with the most delightful fragrance from the wilderness of flowers, softly saluted our senses ; while occasionally the soft and plaintive voices of southern nightingales came with mellowed sweetness to our ears.

The queenly moon, unobscured by a single cloud, threw an indescribable charm over the enchanting scene,

reflecting her brilliant rays upon the placid surface of the river, and shrouding the beautiful foliage of the forest in a drapery of gold. Innumerable stars brightly glittered in the azure firmament, and the constellation of the "Southern Cross" gleamed above us like a diadem.

All around seemed to be wrapped in the most profound repose. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the interminable solitude save the hushed and mournful notes of evening birds, the distant howling of prowling jaguars, or the rustling of the wind through the forest trees. Nature appeared to us, for the first time, in all her pristine loveliness, and seemed indeed, to our excited imagination, to present but a dreamy picture of fairy land.

At an early hour in the morning we weighed anchor, and with a fresh breeze and strong tide rapidly moved up the noble river, gliding by the most beautiful scenery that fancy can conceive.

The nearly impenetrable forest which lined the shore was of a deep emerald green, and consisted of exceedingly lofty trees, of remarkably curious and grotesque figures, interlaced together by numerous running vines, the interstices of which were filled up with magnificent shrubbery.

We observed, towering high above the surrounding trees, many singular species of palms, among which the far-famed cocoa-nut proudly stood pre-eminent. This

beautiful tree gives a peculiar witchery to a tropical landscape, which those only who have seen it can possibly realize. The trunk grows up perfectly perpendicular to a great height, before it throws out its curious branches, which bend over as gracefully as ostrich plumes, and quiver in the slightest breeze. Consequently, the general appearance of the tree at a distance is somewhat similar to that of an umbrella.

As we gradually proceeded, we now and then caught glimpses of smiling cottages, with their snug little verandas and red-tiled roofs peering from amid the foliage of the river's banks, and giving, as it were, a character of sociality and animation to the beautiful scene.

Perhaps the most interesting spot that we noticed was an estate bearing the name of Pinherios, which had been formerly the site of a Carmelite convent, but which has lately been sold to the government for a "Hospital dos Lazaros." Here also was an establishment for the manufacture of earthenware tiles, which are extensively used throughout the Brazilian empire for roofing houses.

So low is the valuation of land in this section of Brazil, that this immense estate, embracing within its limits nearly three thousand acres, and situated, as it is, within twelve miles of the city of Para, was sold for a sum equivalent to *about four thousand dollars*. This may be taken as a fair standard of the value of real

estate in the vicinity of Para. That of the neighboring islands is comparatively trifling ; while there are millions of fertile acres now wholly unappropriated, which offer the richest inducements to all emigrants who may be disposed to direct their fortunes thither.

It was near mid-day when our good vessel anchored in the commodious harbor of Para. The atmosphere was exceedingly moist, and the thermometer standing at about eighty-five in the shade. A number of English, American, and French vessels were in the harbor, together with several Brazilian men-of-war, and a variety of small Indian craft, of singular construction, from the little "montaria," simply composed of the trunk of a tree hewn out, to the fantastically built sloops which are employed in trading up the Amazon.

The harbor itself is quite safe, and eminently picturesque and beautiful. The river, being at the city almost four miles in width, is thickly studded with little islands, which being covered with the most luxuriant verdure, add not a little to the varied beauty of its scenery.

The city of Para is delightfully situated on the southern branch of the Amazon, called, for the sake of distinction, "The Para River." It is the principal city of the province of the same name,—an immense territory, which has very appropriately been styled "*The Paradise of Brazil*." The general aspect of the place, with its low and venerable looking buildings of solid

stone, its massive churches and moss-grown ruins, its red-tiled roofs and dingy-white walls, the beautiful trees of its gardens, and groups of tall banana plants peeping up here and there among the houses, constituted certainly a scene of novelty, if not of elegance and beauty.

The first spectacle which arrested our attention on landing was that of a number of persons of both sexes and all ages, bathing *indiscriminately* together in the waters of the river, in a state of entire nudity. We observed among them several finely formed Indian girls of exceeding beauty, dashing about in the water like a troop of happy mermaids. The heat of the sun was so intense, that we ourselves were almost tempted to seek relief from its overpowering influence by plunging precipitately amid the joyous throng of swimmers. But we forbore !

The natives of Para are very cleanly, and indulge in daily ablutions ; nor do they confine their baths to the dusky hours of evening, but may be seen swimming about the public wharfs at all hours of the day. The government has made several feeble efforts to put a restraint upon these public exposures ; but at the time of our departure all rules and regulations on the subject were totally disregarded by the natives. The city is laid out with considerable taste and regularity ; but the streets are very narrow, and miserably paved with large and uneven stones.

The buildings generally are but of one story in height, and are, with few exceptions, entirely destitute of glass

windows ; a kind of latticed blind is substituted, which is so constructed that it affords the person within an opportunity of seeing whatever takes place in the street, without being observed in return. This lattice opens towards the street, and thus affords great facilities to the beaux and gentlemen of gallantry ; who, by stepping under this covering, can have an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with their fair mistresses, as secretly almost as if they were in a trellised arbor together.

We noticed several strange spectacles as we slowly walked through the city. Venders of fruit with huge baskets on their heads, filled with luscious oranges, bananas, mangoes, pineapples, and other choice fruits of the tropics ; groups of blacks carrying immense burdens in the same manner ; invalids reclining in their hammocks, or ladies riding in their gay-covered palanquins, supported on men's shoulders ; and water-carriers moving along by the side of their heavily-laden horses or mules.

Finally, we met with a party of some thirty or forty blacks, each one of them bearing a large basket of tapioca on his head. They were perfectly naked to their waists, and wore only a pair of pantaloons of very coarse material. They marched on at a slow and measured pace, chanting at the same time a singularly monotonous air, to which they beat time with their hands.

We learned that they were free blacks, and called themselves "Ganhadores." Their business was that of

loading and unloading vessels ; horses and carts being but little used in Para. These bands are under the direction of a leader or captain, who furnishes, on application, any number of men that may be required. In loading vessels, they frequently wade out into the water until their heads and the boxes thereon are alone visible above the surface. They then deposit their several burdens in a species of "lighter," or flat-bottomed boat, which conveys them immediately to the larger vessels lying at anchor in the stream.

Arriving at length at the hospitable mansion of James Campbell, Esq., to whom we had introductory letters, we were invited to make his house our home. The American and Scotch merchants at Para are extremely kind to strangers ; and as there is not a single hotel of any description in the place, one is obliged to throw himself upon the kindness and generosity of the inhabitants ; yet, if he has good letters of introduction, he will have no difficulty in securing a residence,—aye, more, *a home*.

It was just three o'clock when we sat down to our first dinner in Para. Barley soup was the only thing we saw ; but, this being quickly despatched, roast and boiled beef were brought on the table. The meat was tolerably good, but was strongly flavored with garlic, that indispensable article of cookery among the Brazilians and Portuguese.

A tempting assortment of vegetables figured conspicu-

ously among the side-dishes ; but we confined our attention mostly to the unassuming beans and simple Irish potatoes, probably from an ill-founded prejudice for all edibles which were novel and unknown.

These things having been removed, port wine, oranges, bananas, and a variety of other tropical fruits were substituted, with which we regaled ourselves in a sumptuous manner.

On the conclusion of the meal, wooden toothpicks were handed round, and a few moments were spent in putting to rights our severely-tasked grinders.

We then discussed the merits of a Brazilian cigar ; the less said, however, about Para *cigars*, the better ; they are afforded at a very low price, and are made in a most miserable manner.

The tobacco, however, is intrinsically of a good quality, and is for the most part brought from the interior, where it grows spontaneously in the forest. It is lightly pressed into circular rolls of about three feet in length, which are closely wound with rattan, to protect them from the moisture of the atmosphere. These rolls contain from two to three pounds each, and are called "molhos de tobacco." Should you desire to conciliate the favor of one of the natives, you cannot adopt a more certain means than of presenting him with one of these "molhos." Shortly after dinner we once more sallied out into the open air. It was a charming afternoon ; and a delicious breeze from the sea fanned us, as

we strolled on towards the Roscenia, or country seat of Mr. Smith, the American consul.

We met many fine-looking Indian women, carrying fruit and other vendible commodities on their heads, while children of both sexes, without even "the summer garb of Eden," were running and sporting together in the different streets through which we passed.

Turning a certain corner, we perceived a number of half-naked blacks engaged in transporting a hogshead of wine. It was encircled by several ropes, through the loopholes of which long poles were run. These were supported on the shoulders of negroes, who uttered the same discordant chant as they moved on, which has been noticed before.

We also encountered slaves carrying their mistresses about in a palanquin. This is a kind of curtained cab, and is sometimes ornamented in an exceedingly rich and beautiful manner. It is furnished with two wooden arms in front, and two more behind, by means of which it is transported from place to place by Indians or Negroes.

Invalids usually prefer taking the air in a hammock ; it being much more comfortable for such than a palanquin. It is suspended on a pole, sometimes overhung with a drapery of exquisite texture, and is composed of either cotton or fine grass, embroidered with feathers of brilliant hues.

Delighted with the appearance of the many strange spectacles which were continually presenting themselves,

we were hardly conscious of our progress until we had arrived at the country residence of Mr. Smith—a neat little cottage, with a red tiled roof, and pleasant veranda, almost concealed from view by the luxuriance of the surrounding and overhanging foliage.

The consul received us with that cordiality for which he was eminently distinguished, and invited us to take a stroll with him through the shaded avenues of his garden. Accepting his kind invitation, we took our first peep at the fruit trees, flowers, and other choice productions of the tropics—it was an epoch in our lives, and one of the happiest hours that we ever spent! On all sides of us, groups of orange, mango, guava, and lime trees, were drooping with the weight of their green and golden fruit—tall banana shrubs threw out their gigantic leaves, while the mellow fruit hung in immense clusters from their powerful stems—rows of coffee bushes lined the path on either side, teeming with blossoms of snowy whiteness—tempting pineapples, standing alone on solitary stalks, lifted their heads above the bed of curious leaves by which they were surrounded—while flowering oleanders shot up to a prodigious height, and fragrant jessamines filled the atmosphere with delicious perfume!

Seating ourselves beneath the shelter of a vine-covered arbor, blooming with passion-flowers, we regaled our palates with a sumptuous repast of chosen fruits, which the amiable senhora of our host had caused to be provided.

On returning to Mr. Campbell's, where we were to pass the night, we encountered several water-carriers, walking slowly along by the side of their jar-laden mules. They were finely formed—thinly clad, and wore coarse hats, with brims of extraordinary dimensions. The mules were provided with panniers, swung over their backs, in each of which was placed a singularly-shaped earthenware jar, capable of holding several gallons of water. The city of Para is supplied with water from a single spring. This is situated in the suburbs of the town. Here may be seen congregated, at all hours of the day, a motley assemblage of men, women, and children, busily engaged in filling their different vessels from this never-failing fountain of nature !

A number of blacks bearing long poles on their shoulders, thickly strung with India-rubber shoes, also attracted our attention. These are for the most part manufactured in the interior, and are brought down the river for sale, by the natives. It has been estimated that at least two hundred and fifty thousand pairs of shoes are annually exported from the province, and the number is constantly on the increase.

A few words here respecting the tree itself, and the manufacture of the shoes, may not be out of place.

The tree (*Siphilla Elastica*) is quite peculiar in its appearance, and sometimes reaches the height of eighty and even a hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a bark of a light color.

The leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin, and of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the longest.

This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit, of the size of a peach, which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals—it is separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New Englanders tap maple trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid, resembling cream, flows out, which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. When these become full, their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself, dear reader, in one of the seringa groves of Brazil. Around you are a number of good-looking natives, of low stature and olive complexions. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick the contents of a cauldron, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it was taken from the rubber tree. Into this a wooden “last,” covered with clay, and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains. You will perceive that another native then takes the “last,” and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the

glutinous substance to assume a dark color. The "last" is then plunged again into the cauldron, and this process is repeated, as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness. You will, moreover, notice a number of Indian girls (some very pretty) engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, &c., upon the soft surface of the rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially pared and cultivated for this purpose. After this final operation, the shoes are placed in the sun to harden, and large numbers of them may be seen laid out on mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of the rubber is *cahuchu*, from which the formidable word of *caoutchouc* is derived. In Para it is styled *borracha* or *seringa* !

It was past sunset when we arrived at Mr. Campbell's. Having supped with him, we spent the former part of the evening in playing a sociable game of cards, and then strolled out again, to walk through the city by moonlight. It was a glorious night ! The air was redolent with the incense of flowers, and no sounds but those of music and mirth broke upon our ears ! returning once more to the house, we ensconced ourselves in our hammocks, and while a crowd of strange and beautiful images were dancing in our minds, we happily fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

The Province of Para.—Its vast Extent.—El Dorado, or the City of the Gilded King.—The Discovery of the Amazon by Orellana.—Fighting Women encountered on its Banks.—The Capture of Para by Lord Cochrane.—Present Condition.—Insurrection of 1835.

BEFORE resuming our personal narrative, we think it expedient to give our reader a brief account of the past history of the province, including a short notice of the disturbances of 1835. It may with truth be remarked, that there is no country of equal extent which rivals Brazil in point of natural magnificence.

This vast empire is divided into nineteen provinces, of which that of Para is the largest and most productive. This immense territory lies immediately under the Equator, on both sides of the Amazon, and extends from the Atlantic to the borders of Peru. It contains not less than nine hundred thousand square miles ; an area equal almost, in extent, to one half that of the whole United States, including all of its territories. It is entirely covered by a dense forest of indescribable grandeur and beauty, abounding in rare spices and valuable woods, plants, and aromatics, of the most delightful odor, and

bright plumaged birds and singurla animals of endless varieties.

Throughout this wide domain no white adventurer has ever roved ! He may have sailed on the bosom of many of its noble rivers, or wandered along by the margin of its numerous streams, but the interior is to him as yet an untravelled region, whose silence has been undisturbed, save by the howling of animals, the discordant cries of unknown birds, and the yells of savage Indians, since the primeval dawn of creation ! Speaking of the boundless country of the Amazons, Mr. Kidder, in his elaborate work, eloquently remarks :

“No portion of the earth involves a greater degree of physical interest. Its central position upon the equator, its vast extent, its unlimited resources, its mammoth rivers, and the romance that still lingers in its name and history, are all peculiar. Three hundred years have elapsed since this region was discovered, but down to the present day, two thirds of it remain uncivilized and unexplored !”

For the discovery of the existence of Amazonia, posterity is indebted to Orellana, one of the companions of the cruel and bloodthirsty Gonzalo Pizarro, in his futile search after the imaginary city of “El Dorado,” or the “Gilded King.”

This was a magnificent city, of golden palaces, and streets paved with precious stones, supposed to exist somewhere in the interior of South America. Exagge-

rated accounts of it had been given to the credulous Spaniards by the crafty natives, which excited the avariciousness of the former to such a degree, that they did not hesitate to shed the blood of all who denied its existence, believing they did so from an unwillingness to give them any information concerning it.

It was in the year 1544 that Pizarro, with an army of three hundred soldiers and four thousand Indians, left Quito, the capital of the Peruvian empire, for the purpose of discovering this famous city of gold.

Innumerable and arduous were the obstacles they met, and the privations and hardships they were forced to encounter. They were obliged to cut their way through a dense forest, abounding in wild beasts of various kinds, and snakes and reptiles of the most dangerous descriptions—to climb mountains and descend steep precipices—to cross plains submerged with water—to wade through putrefying lagoons and marshes, and to contend with numerous savage tribes of Indians, who surrounded them on all sides.

For many toilsome weeks they journeyed on ! Their provisions becoming exhausted, they were threatened with all the miseries of famine, and were necessitated to make food of their dogs and horses. A great number had died, others were sick, and when at last they reached the banks of the river Napo, hardly more than one tenth of the army remained, and these were almost worn out with their sufferings.

Here Pizarro encamped ; and having heard reports from the natives of a larger river into which this flowed, he dispatched a vessel under the command of Francisco de Orellana to ascertain this fact, and if possible to procure a fresh supply of provisions.

After having sailed down the river some two or three hundred miles, all idea of returning, on the part of Orellana, was abandoned. He saw that it would be utterly impossible for him to carry any relief to Pizarro and his army, and knew that by prosecuting his journey, and discovering the mighty river, of which they had heard such glowing accounts, he might save the lives, and clothe the names of himself and companions with undying glory !

Stimulated with such inspiring hopes, they continued their voyage down the river. Its banks were lined by a gigantic and beautiful vegetation, whose tall trees cast their long shadows over the water, and protected the voyagers from the overpowering rays of the sun.

At the expiration of eight days, they discovered a small Indian settlement, situated on the banks of the river, which they immediately took possession of in the name of the crown of Castile. The natives were at first exceedingly frightened, and fled away into the woods—acquiring confidence, they afterwards returned, bringing with them fruits and various kinds of provisions, which they offered to their strange and unaccountable visitors. Orellana having remained at this settlement until he had

built a new vessel, once more resumed his voyage. Many were the startling adventures which they encountered in sailing down the rapid current of the mighty Amazon. Not the least of these was their meeting with a party of Amazons, or fighting women, who are described by Friar Gasper as being tall in stature, symmetrical in form, and decorated with long and luxuriant tresses of braided hair. This story was doubtless a fable, invented for the purpose of throwing a shade of romance over their wonderful voyage. Certainly no such women now exist on the Amazon, and in all probability never did! Yet the fiction of the discoverer has given a name to the river, which will long outlive his own!

At the expiration of seven months, Orellana arrived at the ocean. Having landed at a certain island in order to repair his vessels, he sailed direct for Spain. He was received with great honor by his sovereign, to whom he gave an exaggerated account of his extraordinary voyage, and the important discoveries he had made.

A second expedition was soon fitted out, which, however, was unsuccessful. On account of the multiplicity of small islands in its mouth, they were unable to find the main branch of the river, and were obliged to return without having accomplished anything worthy of remark. Soon after this event Orellana languished and died. Several efforts have been made to restore his name to the river, but in vain. It is destined to be called "The Amazon" for ever.

The intervention of the island of Marejo in the mouth of the Amazon constitutes two great branches, the southern one of which has been termed "The Para River." On this the city is situated, near its junction with the Tocantino. The city has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, including blacks and Indians. It was founded by Francisco Caldeira in 1616, and was designated as "The City of St. Mary of Bethlehem,"—a name which it retains to the present day in some of the public papers and documents. Its exact position is in latitude $1^{\circ} 28'$ south, and longitude $48^{\circ} 28'$ west. The Portuguese language is the one generally spoken.

Previous to the revolution of 1823, Para was subject to the authority of Portugal. It was then taken by Lord Cochrane, and compelled to swear allegiance to Don Pedro II. This object having been accomplished by stratagem, the people were very boisterous, and could not be quelled, except by severe and sanguinary measures. Several of the mob-ringleaders were shot, and two hundred and fifty others were taken prisoners. It was found necessary to place these in the hold of a small vessel lying in the harbor, the hatches of which were guarded by fifteen Brazilian soldiers. The following graphic description of this occurrence is given by Mr. Kidder in his work on Brazil, who derived it from creditable Portuguese authority:—"Crowded until almost unable to breathe, and suffering alike from hunger and thirst, the poor wretches attempted to force their way on deck, but

were repulsed by the guard, who, after firing upon them, and fastening down the hatchway, drew a piece of ordnance across it, and effectually debarred all egress. The stifling sensation caused by this exclusion of air drove the suffering crowd to utter madness, and many are said to have lacerated and mangled each other in the most horrible manner. Suffocation, with all its agonies, succeeded. The aged and the young, the strong and feeble, the assailant and his antagonist, all sank down exhausted, in the agonies of death. In the hope of alleviating their sufferings, a stream of water was at length let into the hold, and towards morning the tumult abated ; but from a cause which had not been anticipated. Of all the two hundred and fifty-three, four only were found alive, who had escaped destruction by concealing themselves behind a water-butt."

All that can be said in extenuation of this deplorable catastrophe is, that it proceeded more from carelessness and gross ignorance than from deliberation and design.

The present condition of Para is exceedingly auspicious. Peace and quiet now prevail throughout its extensive wilds, undisturbed by the sounds of warfare or the shouts of infuriated savages. Nature seems to have lavished upon this favored province her choicest gifts, her most alluring charms. Here bloom the gayest flowers, distilling their fragrance on the air around. Here flourish the loftiest trees, whose feathery branches wave in the softest breeze. Where can be found more picturesque and

romantic scenery, or a purer and softer atmosphere? Her mammoth rivers, flowing rapidly from the lofty mountains in which their childhood was nurtured, wander through the recesses of a forest of unrivalled grandeur, distributing their fertilizing influence on every side. No sounds now break their pervading stillness save the voices of occasional wanderers, or the notes of happy birds.

But this repose has not always existed. No longer ago than the year 1835 this lovely province was the scene of a violent commotion. Massacre, with her bloody hand, brandished over the city her glittering weapon, stained with human gore. The war-shouts of revengeful Indians rang through the silent avenues of the forest. Strange echoes startled the solitudes of the groves, and the innocent birds fled affrighted from their sylvan homes, to seek for themselves a place of greater security in the very heart of the wilderness.

It was on the 14th of August that a large body of Indians, provoked beyond measure at the numerous injuries which they had sustained from the government of Para, and instigated by the example of a number of mutinous soldiers, who had assassinated the president of the province, together with several others in authority, suddenly descended to revenge their many wrongs, by taking immediate possession of the capital.

This outbreak was wholly unexpected, and the inhabitants were therefore but poorly prepared to sustain so

vigorous an attack. For three days, however, a brave though useless resistance was manifested by the citizens, who barricaded some of the strongest houses, and having fortified the windows by means of large cotton-bales, kept up a continual fire upon their ruthless invaders.

The commander of an English man-of-war at anchor in the harbor, sent ashore a body of marines, to assist in the defence of the city. On account, however, of the pusillanimous conduct of the new president, these were soon withdrawn; but the guns of the vessel were turned towards the city, and a destructive fire kept up incessantly against the insurgents.

But, notwithstanding all efforts, resistance proved futile; force and numbers finally prevailed, and the city itself was abandoned to the fury of the enemy. The lives and property of foreigners had been respected by the Indians, and no women or children were slaughtered during the conflict. This fact discloses a trait in the character of the natives, which is certainly worthy of commendation. It shows, moreover, that they were not instigated by cruelty, but only by a natural desire to redress the manifold insults which had been heaped upon them by their persecutors.

The citizens betook themselves to the different vessels in the harbor, which conveyed them to Maranhão, a flourishing seaport, distant about four or five hundred miles from Para.

For nine months the Indians held undisturbed posses-

sion of the city ; at the expiration of which time it was retaken by a body of imperial soldiers, under the command of General Andrea. Great changes, however, had been wrought during this period of anarchy and rapine. The houses had been pillaged of everything that was valuable ; flourishing plantations had been destroyed by fire ; and the streets of the city were so filled up with gigantic weeds as to be almost impassable, while hundreds of human skeletons, blanched to a chalky whiteness by the rays of the sun, lay glistening among the grass. These were all collected together into an immense pile, and burnt in one of the public squares of the city.

Since this period no disturbances have occurred ; and probably none will, until fresh cruelties on the part of the Portuguese shall again rouse the dormant passions of the Indians, and excite them to revenge.

CHAPTER III.

Removal to the "Roscenia de Nazere."—Curious Monument.—Charming Garden.—'Chico.'—Variety of Fruits.—Pine-apples and Bananas.—A dreamy Siesta.—First Hunt in the Forest.—An old Ruin.—A Monkey Adventure.

A FEW days after my arrival at Para, as I was promenading the streets one morning, I was suddenly accosted by a familiar voice, and, looking up, whom should I see but an old schoolmate of mine, comfortably seated on the balcony of a large stone house, quietly smoking his fragrant cigar.

Descending immediately and shaking me cordially by the hand, he insisted upon taking us into the house and introducing us to his father, who was one of the richest and most influential men in the city. The old gentleman appeared to be glad to see us, and treated us with a vast deal of politeness.

As soon as Mr. Danin (for this was the gentleman's name) understood that we had come out to Brazil for the sake of our health, and of pursuing the study of natural history, he very kindly offered us the entire control of a charming country-seat of his, situated within a

mile of the city, called "The Roscenia de Nazere." As this estate was just on the borders of the forest, and therefore well located for sporting purposes, we did not hesitate to accept the kind offer that had been made us.

In two or three days, having made all necessary arrangements, bought our provisions, and hired a cook, we took our departure for *Nazere*.

An odd spectacle we presented in walking out to the Roscenia. We had chartered ten or twelve blacks to carry our luggage, each of whom was loaded with some item of provisions or of furniture. One had a sack of beans, another a hamper of potatoes, while a third carried a large basket of farina poised upon his head. We ourselves marched along in the rear, with our trusty guns mounted on our shoulders and long wood-knives gleaming in our hands.

Scarcely had we proceeded beyond the limits of the city, when we were encompassed by a strange and magnificent vegetation. Groups of palm trees, with their tall stems and feather-like branches, were waving in the distance, while plants of curious form, and bushes teeming with flowers, surrounded us on every side.

The scenery of the *Largo de Polvera* (over which we passed in our route) was very picturesque. A row of low cottages ran along one side, fronted by a narrow walk. These little habitations were tenanted by blacks and Indians, and had quite a neat and pretty appearance. On the opposite side, at the distance of several hundred

yards, the forest commenced, dotted here and there along its margin by handsome little cottages peeping from amid the thick foliage around them.

Having crossed the Largo, we pursued our way through a rich defile of shrubbery, until we finally emerged into another beautiful and extensive "clearing," called the "Largo de Nazere."

The first object that arrested our attention was a strange looking monument built of wood, standing at the very entrance of the "Largo." Our curiosity being excited, we inquired of a gentleman who accompanied us for what purpose it was erected. In reply he told us the following anecdote :—Many years ago, a certain president of the province, who was rambling in the woods in quest of game, became lost in the dense mazes of the forest. For three long days he wandered disconsolately about, in vain seeking for some avenue by which he might effect his escape. Nearly famished for want of food, hope had almost deserted him ; when, on the morning of the fourth day, a sound like that of the tinkling of a distant bell broke upon his ear. He listened—again he heard that cheerful sound, more clear and strong. Re-animated by the *music* of the bell, he bent his steps in the direction from whence the *melody* seemed to proceed, for *melody* indeed it was to him. Pressing on, he at last issued from the forest near the spot where the monument now stands ; hence its origin.

There was quite a number of native dwellings on the

Largo, and near the centre of it a pretty little church, with a small portico built out in front. We observed that the natives, whenever they passed this church, were accustomed to render deference to it by falling down on their knees and crossing themselves. To such an extent is superstition rife in this sun-favored clime.

We at length arrived at the stone-gateway of the Roscenia; a slave opened the iron door and we entered. A long avenue, formed by the overhanging of the trees on either side, was before us, through which we saw the dwelling-house of the garden, almost concealed by the foliage, standing at the distance of seventy-five or a hundred yards from us. The mansion was large, of but one story in height, covered with earthenware tiles, and surrounded by a wide and roof-covered veranda.

Under this commodious veranda we rested ourselves, and regaled our palates with rare fruit plucked fresh from the well-laden trees of the garden. We then began to attend to domestic affairs, and much did we feel the want of a nice little 'Fayaway' to take charge of these important matters for us. Just as we had swung our hammocks, stowed away our provisions, and put our guns and ammunition in readiness for immediate use, our cook rang the bell for dinner.

"Pray, why did she not call you?" methinks I hear some one inquire; well, then, it was because she could not speak English nor we Portuguese, if you must know, curious reader. We were obliged to communicate our

ideas to her by pantomime; and it is a great wonder to us, now that we think of it, that we ever got anything to eat at all. Chico was an excellent and experienced cook; but she was a slave, and we had hired her from her fair mistress in the city.

Under the tuition of Chico, and the absolute necessity which there was for us either to speak or to starve, we began to acquire the language with amazing rapidity, and in the course of a few weeks we were able to carry on quite a conversation with the pretty Indian damsels, who daily visited us at the Roscenia. The grounds of the Roscenia were extensive and as enchanting as those of Eden; the garden was well supplied with the choicest fruit-trees and with the most beautiful flowers. The walks were wide and well-gravelled; on either side of them were rows of trees, bending over with the weight of their golden and crimson fruit, thus forming a fairy-like arbor of green throughout the entire avenue.

The variety of fruits seemed infinite. Here was a little grove of orange-trees clustering together; there, a collection of guava, bacata, and ruby-tinged cashew-trees tastefully arranged along the walk.

Delectable pine-apples also grew in the garden. This fine fruit is called by the natives "anana." It arrives at great perfection in the province, and is justly deemed one of the richest of all tropical fruits. Specimens of this fruit have been brought to the Para market weighing near twenty pounds. So delicious is its natural flavor,

and such its sweetness when perfectly ripe, that no sugar is required in eating it. It is hardly necessary to state, that it grows by itself on a single stem, surrounded by a bed of large and spear-like leaves.

“ Its luscious fruit Anana rears,
Amid a coronet of spears.”

Perhaps the most conspicuous vegetable curiosity that grew in the garden was the far-famed banana plant. This shrub has been much extolled by travellers, and is indeed a blessing to all tropical countries. It attains to the height of from ten to twelve feet, and bears large clusters of fruit, oftentimes weighing more than fifty pounds. The bananas are of a yellow color when fully ripe, and are said to possess more nutriment than any other species of fruit. They are prepared in various modes. Some prefer them roasted; others, again, cut them into slices, and fry them with butter; but we ourselves relish them best in their natural state, with the addition of a little port wine and sugar, as a kind of sauce. Eaten in this manner, they are exceedingly palatable.

Having spent a considerable portion of our first afternoon in rambling about the Roscenia, for the purpose of making ourselves acquainted with the extent and products of our *miniature kingdom*, we returned to the house. Supper was soon prepared for us, on a small table under the veranda. It consisted merely of bread,

butter, and chocolate ; yet our appetites were keen, and we enjoyed the meal as well as if there had been a greater variety.

Having concluded our evening meal, and being rather fatigued with the exercise we had undergone, and excitement we had experienced during the day, we threw ourselves into our suspended hammocks, lighted a choice cigar, and took a refreshing *siesta*. Dreamy visions came o'er us. Here we were at last, in the lovely land we had so long desired to see, sole tenants of an estate, which for beauty and variety surpassed any we had ever seen before. True, we were alone, and on the very borders of a boundless wilderness ; but, would we not soon find sufficient companionship in the natural beauties by which we were surrounded,—in the trees, the plants, the flowers ; and, most of all, the joyous, bright-winged birds ! Before and around us, Nature seemed clothed in her fairest charms. Gay flowers bloomed amid the shrubbery ; birds sang and chattered among the trees ; a solitary cocoa-nut was shaking its plume-like branches in the sweet scented breeze, and stood like a sentinel just before the porch. Our thoughts wandered back to our home and friends—far—far away. Could our friends but visit us here, but for one short hour, how truly happy would we be !—with what delight would they enter the iron gateway !—how fascinated would they be with the beauty of the garden !—how like Paradise would everything appear !—and with what

ecstasy would we receive them ! All this passed through our minds as we lay swinging in our hammocks, under the tree-shaded veranda of Nazere.

Awaking from the stupor into which we had fallen, we perceived that the sun had just gone down, leaving a delicate tinge of gold along the western horizon ; the stars were beginning to gleam in the cloudless sky above, and to illumine with a mellow light the bewitching garden around us. Silence reigned, giving solemnity to the beauteous scene.

On the following morning we were aroused from our slumbers at least an hour before sunrise by the noisy chattering of the birds in the vicinity of the house. We accoutred ourselves speedily in our shooting costume, drank a cup of strong coffee, and sallied forth, in company with an Indian guide, on our first hunting expedition in a tropical forest.

We had advanced a considerable distance in the woods, when the sun arose from his golden couch in the east, and shed a flood of light over the sylvan landscape. The dew glittered like jewels on the leaves ; insects began to animate the atmosphere, and gorgeous-plumaged birds to fly from tree to tree. The path we had taken was extremely narrow, and so choked up with weeds and running vines, that we were obliged to cut a passage before us with our "tracados," or wood-knives, as we slowly and cautiously proceeded. These long knives are

absolutely indispensable to one travelling in a Brazilian forest ; in fact, everybody you meet with, blacks, Indians, women, and children, are provided with them.

Stopping now and then for a moment, to shoot a "toucan," or other brilliant bird that attracted our notice, we at last arrived at an old and dilapidated estate, literally buried in the wilderness. Here was a vast ruin of solid stone, which had evidently been once a splendid building, of superior architecture. It was overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and tenanted only by bats and venomous reptiles ; yet it was majestic and interesting even in its decay. Concerning the origin of this strange building we were never able to ascertain anything of a satisfactory nature. Some suppose it was the residence of a certain nobleman, by the name of Chermont ; others, that it was a kind of fortification ; while many think that it was one of the religious institutions of the Jesuits, who were quite numerous in the province many years ago. But these are nothing more than surmises. The truth is, there is a mystery hanging over it which no one has ever been able to unravel, and which will undoubtedly *remain a mystery* for ever ! We spent an hour or more in examining the ruin, and were rewarded for our researches by finding several new and valuable shells, which we carefully preserved.

Leaving this place, we next visited the "Pedrara,"

another estate several miles distant, situated, too, in the midst of the forest. Here we found a thriving garden, and a pleasant-looking farm-house, the inmates of which received us very hospitably. Joaquim, our Indian guide, in conversing with the proprietor of the house, took my gun from my hand, for the purpose of pointing out to him its peculiar advantages and virtues. In so doing he carelessly raised the hammer, which immediately slipped from his grasp, and the gun, which was well charged at the time with coarse shot, exploded, lodging its contents in the side of the building,—fortunately, however, no one was injured. Soon after this occurrence, our kind host placed before us several kinds of fruit, and a bowl of refreshing beverage prepared from the cocoa fruit, with which we heartily regaled ourselves. We then bade our entertainer and his pretty daughters “adeos,” and proceeded back towards the Roscenia.

As we were sauntering along the arched avenues leading through the forest, and listening attentively to the notes of curious birds, we heard a loud chattering in one of the trees over our heads. Looking upwards, we perceived two large monkeys on the very top of a prodigiously tall tree. No sooner did the animals see us than they hid themselves so completely in the thick foliage that it was impossible for us to discern them at all. We fired several shots up into the tree, but without any manifest effect. At last our Indian guide,

perceiving that all other means would be useless, came to the deliberate determination of climbing the tree. Encircling the trunk, like the folds of a serpent, was an enormous winding vine, which ran up into the topmost branches. This species of vine has been called by travellers, "the monkey's ladder." Having stripped to the buff, Joaquim took my double-barrelled gun in his hand, and by means of the "ladder" began to ascend the tree with the ease and agility of a squirrel. We watched his progress with the greatest anxiety, for it appeared to us an experiment hazardous in the extreme; but he bravely and nimbly continued his dangerous ascent, and finally waved his hand in triumph from the summit of the lofty tree. New difficulties now beset him,—the branches were so closely matted together that he was severely scratched by their sharp points, and it was some time before he could get himself and gun in manageable order for attacking the garrulous animals. Succeeding in securing a safe position in a notch of the tree, he got a glimpse of the monkeys, away out on the extremity of a long branch, almost hid from view by the thickness of the leaves. Raising his gun, he took steady aim, and two startling reports, quickly succeeding each other, broke suddenly upon the stillness of the forest. The two monkeys fell, with a heavy crash, lifeless to the ground. They were large specimens, of a silvery-grey color. Having picked them up, we waited until Joaquim

had descended from the tree, and then proceeded on our way.

It was mid-day when we reached Nazere. Eagerly we sought the cool shades of the Roscenia, and in the evening refreshed ourselves with a delicious bath in a neighboring stream.

CHAPTER IV.

Old Vincenti and Maria.—Castigation of a Woman.—Visitors at Nazere.—Our Neighbors.—Feathered Companions.—Tame Macaw.—Depredation of the Ants.—A nocturnal Visit from them.—The Largo by Moonlight.

THERE was a venerable old slave at the Roscencia, by the name of Vincenti, who made himself very useful to us, and added considerably to our amusement, by his eccentricities and peculiarities. He had lived on the place for more than thirty years, and was well acquainted with every variety of bird, insect, and reptile that was to be found in its vicinity. Scarcely a day passed by without his bringing us several specimens of lizards, beetles, or centipedes. The latter were quite numerous in the garden; and I remember one evening that we caught two of these many-legged “monsters” crawling leisurely about the floor of our sleeping apartment. They were at least eight inches in length, and as ugly-looking fellows of the kind as I ever saw. We succeeded in capturing them by the aid of a long pair of pincers, and in putting them alive into a bottle of alcohol for preservation; and we have them to this day in our cabinet, “*spiritual*” mementos of the past.

But, to proceed. It seems that old Vincenti, notwithstanding his age and manifold infirmities, had some of the fire of youth still burning in his veins. Living with him was a very good-looking mulatto woman, by the name of Maria, who could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, while Vincenti himself had seen above sixty. How the old fellow ever prevailed on her, a free woman, to live with him, will ever remain to us a sealed mystery. Although they had never been married, yet no husband was ever more affectionate than Vincenti, or wife more loving than Maria. The latter was daily accustomed to go to the city for provisions, and sometimes she took her place among the fruit-vendors of the market. One day, however, she did not return to the Roscenia. Vincenti was quite uneasy, and thought something serious must have happened. A week passed by ; but still no news from Maria. At length, dreadful suspicions began to flash over old Vincenti, and fierce jealousy to agitate his mind. One morning, as we were sipping our coffee under the veranda, the shrieks of a woman, as if in distress, fell upon our ears. Suspecting the cause, we rushed immediately to the little dwelling of Vincenti, and there found him, as we had anticipated, beating Maria, his prodigal mistress, in a most unmerciful manner. He was furious with anger ; but we expostulated with him, and having prevailed on him to discontinue the castigation, we succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the parties,—and all this with a

scanty knowledge of the language, rendered intelligible only by the pantomime with which we accompanied it. In a few hours Vincenti and his buxom consort were again in fellowship with each other, and as happy and contented as in days of yore. Thus do pleasant calms succeed the severest storms !

The visitors to Nazere were numerous, and we had no lack of society. At the close of every day our hunters would come in, bringing with them singular animals and beautiful birds, which they had killed in the forest. Frequently they would spend the evening with us, giving us an account of the wonders and curiosities of the surrounding wild woods. On Sundays many persons generally came out from the city, and the military paraded on the Largo in front of the Roscenia. Our neighbors were mostly blacks and Indians. Among the latter, two pretty maids, Mariquinha and Lorena, were our especial favorites. These were young and charming Mamelukes, or half-breeds, with dark eyes, luxuriant hair, and light-olive complexions. To tell the truth, I believe we were principally indebted to these lovely damsels for the rapid proficiency which we made in the language.

But I must not forget to mention the feathered companions who shared with us the pleasures of Nazere. These consisted of several domesticated parrots, a pair of roseate spoonbills, and a solitary macaw. The last-named bird was a very gorgeous fellow, with a handsome tail,

above two feet in length, beautifully marked with blue and red. During the day he was accustomed to spend many of the hours in rambling through the embowered avenues of the garden, and in climbing successively the different fruit-trees, which were drooping with the weight of their red and yellow fruit. But, whenever he heard our voices calling him, he instantly abandoned the sweetest orange or most delicious guava, to make his appearance before us. He was an awkward bird in his motions, and occasioned us a great deal of merriment. It was enough to disturb the gravity of a confirmed misanthrope to see our macaw perambulating by himself around the piazza of Nazere.

Whenever the bell rang for either breakfast or dinner, Mr. Macaw immediately wended his way to the banquet-table, and having perched himself upon the back of one of the chairs, waited patiently for the arrival of us—his humble servants. In justice to his memory, be it said, that he always conducted himself with perfect decorum while at table, and never on any occasion made any sudden onslaught upon the viands which were laid out in tempting array before him.

One day an Indian brought us a live coral snake, the fangs of which had been carefully extracted. The reptile was about three feet in length, and was regularly banded with alternate rings of black, scarlet, and yellow. If the idea of "beautiful" can be associated with a snake, then did this one well deserve the qualification, for a more

striking combination of colors I think I never saw. For the sake of security, we put the animal in a small wooden box, and placed it in one of the corners of the room where we slept. One night while we were asleep, the animal forced off the top of the box in which he was confined, and, in travelling about, at last found his way into the cook's room. Aroused by her screams, we hastened to her apartment and soon discovered the cause of her alarm. But the animal had escaped through a crevice in the floor, and we never saw his snakeship again.

We experienced a great deal of annoyance from the ants at Nazere. These insects swarm in myriads in the forest, and may be seen crawling on the ground wherever you may happen to be. They subserve a very useful purpose in the wise economy of nature, by preventing the natural decay and putrefaction of vegetable matter, so particularly dangerous in tropical regions; but at the same time they are a serious drawback to the prosecution of agricultural pursuits in the torrid zone. Flourishing plantations are sometimes entirely destroyed by these insects, and we ourselves have seen a beautiful orange tree one day blooming in the greatest luxuriance, and on the next perfectly leafless and bare!

Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually

ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with the leaves.

Mr. Kidder states that some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Maranham, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor and brought up several small pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead ; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, "that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic church, but were sentenced by the friars to a place of removal within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth. The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores !"

Concerning the ants, however, we have a story of our

own to tell. The occurrence took place at Nazere, and was in this wise. One night while indulging in delightful dreams, I was suddenly awakened by my amiable companion, who affirmed that *something* was biting him severely—he knew not what.

In the deep silence of our lonely apartment we heard distinctly a sound like that of a continual dropping upon the floor. We were uncertain from what it proceeded, but I more than half suspected the true cause, but said nothing to my companion; on the contrary, I even endeavored to convince him that the biting of which he complained was only imaginary. The reality, however, of his sufferings made him proof against any such conviction, and he forthwith arose and lighted a lamp. Its glimmering rays shed a feeble light over the apartment, but sufficient to disclose a spectacle such as we hope never to see again. The floor itself was literally black with ants; and our clothes, which were hanging on a line stretched across the room, were alive with them. It was in vain for us to attempt to remove them, so we removed ourselves, and spent the remainder of the night swinging in our hammocks under the veranda!

Green and golden hued lizards were also numerous at the Roscenia, and we frequently saw them in the midst of the walk, basking in the warm sunshine, their glowing tints rivalling in lustre the bright enamel of the flowers. They were innocent creatures, and so exceed-

ingly timid that we found it almost impossible to catch them alive.

On one side of the entrance gate of the garden, was a small "summer house," from which an excellent view of the Largo was presented. Nothing could exceed the romantic beauty of this extensive plot of ground by moonlight ! A wild forest rises up around, while tall palms stand like faithful sentinels watching over the lovely scene ! The little church, solitary and lone, fills the mind of the beholder with solemn associations ; the low dwellings of the natives, shaded by overhanging trees, add to the strangeness of the landscape ; and the "southern cross," gleaming in the clear starry firmament above, brings to mind the immense distance of home, and impresses the wanderer with emotions of awe and sublimity such as no pen can adequately describe !

CHAPTER V .

Life at Nazere.—Our favorite hunter, Joaquim.—The Garden by Moonlight.—The Climate.—Its Purity and Healthfulness.—The wet and dry Seasons.—A caterwauling Serenader.—An Alarm.—An extraordinary Visit.—Our Departure from Nazere.

NOISELESSLY and quickly the hours sped on!—weeks rapidly elapsed!—and still we lingered amid the delightful shades of Nazere!

Hunting was our principal amusement, and hardly a day passed by without our engaging in it. Many were the rich plumaged birds that we killed, while wandering amid their own beautiful haunts; many the curious animals that met with a speedy death from our trusty guns; and by no means few the number of bright-hued serpents and horrible looking reptiles that we caught crawling through the tall grass, or stealing beneath the thick shrubbery of the forest!

Our excursions were always undertaken early in the morning. Before the sun had shed his first beams over the enchanting scenery of the garden, we were always up and accoutred for our daily hunt.

Our Indian hunter, Joaquim, generally accompanied us, and grateful are we to him for the many sporting tactics into which he initiated us, and for the possession of many splendid and rare birds, which we should not probably have procured without his assistance. He was quite young, being not more than nineteen or twenty years of age, of light olive complexion, a perfect Apollo in form, and a model of a sportsman in every sense of the word. The slightest sound never failed to catch his attentive ear—in a moment he knew from what kind of a bird or animal it proceeded, and prepared himself for instantaneous action. So delicately would he move onward towards his prey, scarcely touching the ground with his uncovered feet; crouching so skilfully beneath the clustering bushes as hardly to occasion the vibration of a single leaf; and without any intimation being given to the unfortunate bird or animal of his approach; having once fixed his eye upon his victim, escape was useless—death was certain! Raising his light flint-lock gun with quickness to his eye, his aim was sure, and the startling report which followed was the inevitable death-knell of his prey.

While in the forest, Joaquim wore no clothing save a pair of coarse pantaloons—a common powder-horn was strung around his symmetrical neck—a small pouch of shot was suspended from his waist; in his right hand was his long knife, in his left his faithful gun, and this was his entire equipment.

We seldom spent more than one or two hours in the woods in the morning ; returning to the Roscenia, we regaled ourselves with an excellent breakfast under the veranda, rendered the more delectable from the exercise we had taken, and the circumstances under which we despatched it.

After this meal, the next operation was to skin and preserve the best specimens of the gay-plumaged birds we had killed in the forest. For this purpose, my amiable companion was wont to seat himself at a long table, on the eastern side of the building, where he prepared the specimens with the skill of an experienced artist. The bodies were first taken out, a little arsenic then sprinkled on the surface of the skin, and, lastly, the skins were filled out with cotton to their natural size, then put into proper shape and placed on a board, in an exposed situation, to dry.

A paradise, indeed, was the Roscenia de Nazere by moonlight !—a second Eden !—but alas ! without an Eve ! So numerous were the trees of the garden that they constituted a fairy-like grove, and so thickly matted together were the branches overhead that the moonbeams fell like a shower of gold through the foliage. The bright birds might be heard chanting their vespers among the trees, while hundreds of singing insects were buzzing in every bush. The air itself was redolent with the sweetest perfume, and we, perhaps, were enjoying the lovely evening under the veranda of the cottage either

in talking with our hunters, or the pretty Indian maids, who haunted with their presence the flowery shades of our beautiful garden.

All our moments were replete with enjoyment. We were quite happy!—and why should we not be, living together in such a romantic and charming spot, where the flowers bloomed throughout the year, and where everything appeared to be animated with beauty, perfume, and song? Besides, the climate was of such exceeding purity, so aromatic with the incense of flowers, and of such delicious blandness, that it was truly a luxury to breathe it. Consumption, with all her kindred and accompanying evils, has never, as yet, invaded this mild atmosphere; and more than this, even coughs and common colds are almost entirely unknown. All diseases which owe their origin to changes of temperature cannot be engendered here, for the variation does not amount to more than twenty degrees from the commencement of the year to its close; ninety degrees being the maximum, and seventy the minimum temperature, according to just and careful experiments that have been made with the thermometer.

Without reference to temperature, the year is, in the province of Para, about equally divided into two seasons, namely, the wet and dry. The former commences about the middle of December and may be said to extend to the middle of June, although from the first of March the rains gradually decrease. Throughout the

rainy season severe showers fall daily, seldom occurring, however, before three o'clock in the afternoon. They are usually accompanied by bright lightning and terrific thunder, and continue from one to three hours. The rain comes down with such extraordinary violence, and in such great quantities, that one who had never witnessed a storm in the tropics, would be astonished beyond measure, and filled with emotions of wonder, if not of sublimity.

During the period extending from the middle of June to the middle of December, and which has been called "the dry season," comparatively little rain falls in the city, while in some of the neighboring islands it hardly falls at all. The reason why the rains are more frequent in the city is undoubtedly owing to its superior elevation, as well as its location near the mouths of several tributary rivers. Even on the islands, where showers fall so seldom, vegetation flourishes most luxuriantly, the copious dews affording that nourishment to the plants and flowers which the clouds of heaven deny them.

The rainy season had just set in when we arrived at Nazere. On account of the sandy state of the soil, we could not have established ourselves at a better place ; for here, one hour of sunshine never failed to erase all traces of the heaviest rains.

No danger need be apprehended from sleeping in the open air in this delicious climate at any period of the

year. Indeed, we ourselves have frequently passed the night in our hammocks, swung under the commodious veranda of the cottage at the Roscenia, without sustaining the slightest injury.

Our slumbers at Nazere were sound and refreshing. True, we slept little for the first few nights, owing to the nocturnal serenades of an old tomcat; but we doubt whether anybody, of any nerves at all, could have slept better under similar circumstances. We really had some thoughts of resorting to narcotics for relief! We were provoked, irritated, and at last became desperate.

"That villanous cat shall die," exclaimed J., in a passion.

"What, with all his sins on his head!" said I; "pray, give him some little time for repentance!"

"Not a single day, by heaven!" replied my companion; "he *shall die* to-morrow!"

On the following morning we observed the doomed grimalkin quietly reposing on a little grassy knoll within a short distance of the house. Now was the time! But feeling some reluctance to be the perpetrators of the murderous deed ourselves, we called upon Joaquim to do the business for us.

He willingly assented. Having loaded his gun, he stationed himself within a suitable distance, took deliberate aim, and fired. A horrible shriek—most heart-rending and awful—immediately broke upon our ears. But when the smoke had cleared away, no cat, living or

dead, was to be seen. He had vanished in the adjacent thicket.

Two weeks passed by, and our nights continued to be undisturbed. We felt certain that our tormentor was numbered among the dead. But what was our astonishment one morning, while we were seated under the veranda, to see this diabolical cat enter the gateway before us, and advance with a downcast, saddened, and repentant air, up towards the house.

"Verily," said J., "I have always *heard* that a cat had nine lives, now I believe it."

We were slightly infuriated at first, and determined to make one more effort to rid ourselves of this cater-wauling monster, but as soon as our wrath had somewhat abated, we came to the merciful conclusion of "putting him on his good behavior" for a "little season," and, strange to say, he never serenaded us again.

A little circumstance occurred one evening that gave us some alarm. My companion had gone to the city, and I was left entirely alone at the Roscenia. While reading a book under the veranda, by the feeble light of a single lamp, I was suddenly addressed by a strange voice, and looking up, I beheld a black fellow that I had never seen before, standing at my elbow.

"Senhor," said he, "load your gun, and lock up the house, for there are robbers concealed in the garden."

Saying this, he disappeared so quickly that I did not

have time to make any inquiries of him concerning his startling narration. Whether to believe the black or not I hardly knew, but as I could not imagine any other motive to have prompted him than a desire to put us on our guard, it appeared probable that he had given correct information. I therefore loaded my "revolver," and with it in one hand, and my sharp wood-knife in the other, I anxiously awaited the arrival of my companion. It was about midnight when he reached the Roscenia, and of course he was much surprised when I had related to him all that had taken place.

The night passed by—no robbers made their appearance—and I never afterwards saw the black who had in such a mysterious manner warned me of impending danger. This was the only incident that occasioned us the slightest uneasiness during our entire stay at the Roscenia—moreover, we did not meet with a single accident.

Sunday was the most noisy day of the week with us. On this day we had numerous visitors from the city; some of whom came out to the Roscenia for sporting purposes, keeping up a continual firing in the garden from morning until night. There is no day set apart for religious purposes in Para. Sunday is a perfect holiday, and is more particularly marked by revelry and dissipation than by morality and sacred observances. Every Sabbath morning the Largo de Nazere was the scene of a military display, performed by a brilliant cavalcade of

gaily-dressed officers and mounted citizens. After going through with a series of military evolutions on the *largo*, they often stopped at the Roscenia, for the purpose of refreshing themselves with fruit and wine. They were a gay and apparently happy set of fellows, very gentlemanly in their bearing, and animated and cheerful in conversation.

Politeness to strangers is one of the striking characteristics not only of the people of Para, but of the Portuguese in general. Almost everybody you meet in the street, provided you have a gentlemanly appearance, will offer you the deference of taking off his hat, and at the same time saluting you with the popular expression, *Viva, senhor!* or "Long live, sir!" Besides this, the Brazilians are more hospitable and social than they have ever had credit for in the books of travellers. The reason, probably, why they have been considered so distant and reserved in their manners towards foreigners, is on account of their general ignorance of all languages but their own. Those at Para who could speak English we found to be exceedingly sociable and friendly, and disposed to render us any assistance we desired.

Having been at Nazere nearly two months, we began to think seriously of taking our departure. We had made a collection of almost all the birds and animals to be found in its vicinity, besides many extraordinary insects and curious shells. Need it be said, then, that we had become exceedingly attached to the Ros-

cenia, and looked forward to the period of leaving it with a kind of melancholy reluctance mingled with sadness and gloom.

A few days before our departure we were honored with a visit of so singular a character that we cannot forbear giving the reader a description of it. It was quite early one morning that a large and motley assemblage of individuals halted before the gateway of the Roscenia. What they were, or for what purpose they came, we could not surmise. They were so ceremonious as to send a young man in advance to solicit permission for them to enter. We did not hesitate to grant the request, and soon discovered that our worthy visitors constituted nothing less than a religious body, who had come out to the Largo de Nazere in order to procure donations for the benefit of the Roman Catholic church—a small pecuniary offering being expected from everybody.

The whole number of persons who entered the Roscenia could not have been less than forty or fifty,—of which number at least one half were women and children. In front of all marched half-a-dozen priests or padres, dressed in flowing scarlet gowns, bearing large sun-shades of dazzling red silk, suspended over their heads. After these came a group of bright-eyed damsels, crowned with garlands of flowers, and profusely decorated with golden chains and glittering trinkets. In the rear of all were a number of young children sporting with each other in all the freedom of inno-

cence and nudity combined. With huge bouquets of splendid flowers in their hands, they looked like a band of little Cupids about to render homage at the court of Flora.

One of the damsels bearing a handsomely-carved salver of solid silver, presented it to us for the purpose of receiving our donations. Unfortunately we had but very little of the circulating medium on hand—merely a few *vintens*—all of which we threw at once upon the silver plate. Our pecuniary resources being now completely exhausted, judge of our consternation when the plate was handed to us a *second time* for further contributions.

I now threw a bunch of cigars on the plate, and the result was just such as I had anticipated. Instead of taking the slightest offence at what I had done, they seized the cigars with eagerness, and I was obliged to distribute all I had in the house among them, before they would be satisfied. The cigars being exhausted, wine was asked for, with which we proceeded to supply them. But, alas! what were the *two gallons of port* we had purchased the day before towards satisfying such a thirsty crowd?

Before taking leave of us, a sweet little maiden handed me a miniature image of some one of the favorite saints, which she desired me to kiss. I took the image, and proceeded to do so as she requested; but by some unaccountable mistake I missed the image, and im-

pressed a warm kiss upon the pouting lips of the youthful damsel—a sacrilege, indeed! for which I atoned by kissing the image many times! It is to be hoped that the reader will be as lenient and forgiving towards the writer for this misdeed as was the pretty maiden herself.

Shortly after this the whole party withdrew, with many thanks and benedictions, leaving us in a most deplorable condition; all our provisions being eaten, our wine drunk, and our cigars smoked.

We were sad, indeed, when we took our final leave of Nazere. It was on a mild and sunny afternoon, and all around was quiet and serene. No sounds broke upon the stillness, save the rustling of the leaves, the murmur of the insects, and the chattering of birds. Our thoughts harmonized with the plaintiveness of the scene; for we remembered that we were relinquishing *for ever* the blissful garden where we had whiled away so many pleasant hours.

Strolling slowly on towards the city, we frequently stopped for a few moments by the way, to exchange salutations with our Indian neighbors, and to tender to all the pretty maidens our parting adieux. Joaquim accompanied us as far as the Largo de Palvora, where, after shaking us each heartily by the hand, while a tear stood in his noble eye, he bade us farewell. We were extremely sorry to lose so valuable a hunter, and in testimony of our esteem and appreciation of the

services he had rendered us, we presented him with a single barrelled gun, which we had purchased for him in the city.

It was near sunset when we arrived at Mr. Campbell's house, a lofty stone dwelling, with balconies fronting each of the upper windows. Here we intended remaining for the ensuing week; at the expiration of which time we proposed making an excursion to Caripe, a neglected though beautiful estate, situated on a small island within twenty miles of Para.

CHAPTER VI.

The City.—Its Appearance and Population.—State of Society.—
The Padres, or Priests.—Professional Beggars.—The Etiquette
of Dress.—“Festa de Nazere.”

A VERY strange-looking city is Para, with its low white-washed dwellings covered with earthenware tiles ; its lofty commercial buildings, with little balconies jutting out towards the street ; its dark-walled churches, with their towering spires ; its gardens, teeming with all the beauty and variety of tropical vegetation, and its swarthy inhabitants, differing as much in their complexions, as the birds of the forest vary in the tints of their plumage.

As no regular census has ever been taken in the city, it is impossible to state with accuracy the amount of the population ; the number, however, cannot be less than fifteen thousand. That of the whole province has been supposed to be about two hundred and fifty thousand, including the blacks and Indians, who compose by far the greater part of this number.

The chief executive of the province is termed a “presidente,” and receives his appointment direct from the emperor.

In the selection of officials no regard whatever is paid to color. The president himself was a woolly-headed mulatto, and, not only that, but he was reputed to be the son of a *padre*; and, as the *padres* are excluded from matrimony by the statutes, his genealogy certainly cannot be of the *most honorable* character.

All are obliged to do military duty at Para; none are exempted from this service but *padres* and slaves; and, as the duty is very onerous, it becomes quite desirable to assume the garb of a priest. Consequently, it is not so much to be wondered at that the number of these "pious and highly-favored individuals" in the city alone amounts to several hundreds.

"But how, under heavens, do so many of them earn a livelihood?" methinks I hear the reader exclaim. This, doubtless, would be difficult indeed, in such a heathen community, by the practice of the principles of religion and virtue alone. To tell the truth, they *do not* earn their living by the *practice*, but by the "practices" of their profession. Superstition aids them in the imposition by which they ensnare the unsuspecting natives, and wring from them the earnings of their industry and labor.

The most profitable branch of their profession is that of consecrating small stones, shells, and other articles of trifling value, and then vending them to the natives at enormous sums, as sovereign charms against certain diseases or evil spirits. We noticed that every black or

Indian we encountered in the streets, had more or less of these baubles strung about his neck. Even Chico, our invaluable cook at Nazere, had at least a dozen of them, for which she had paid as many dollars, and sincerely believed in their power of warding off the different evils for which they were severally intended. Whenever one of these "holy trifles" is found in the streets, it is carried immediately by the finder to one of the churches, and there suspended on a certain door, where the original owner may, in his search, recover it again.

The churches are of large size, and constructed of solid stone. They are destitute of pews, have several richly carved altars, and are profusely ornamented with pictures and gorgeously dressed images of the saints. The cathedral is one of the largest edifices in the empire. It has two steeples, well supplied with bells, whose sonorous chiming may be heard at all hours of the day.

The president's palace is also a stupendous pile, but it displays but little architectural skill or taste in its construction. It was built more than a century ago, when Portugal was looking anxiously forward to this province as the seat of the national government of the empire.

The old convents, which at one time were very numerous, are now reduced to two or three of the Franciscan order. The building in which the assembly of deputies hold their sessions, was once a convent of the Carmelites. These deputies are chosen by the people,

but all of their acts, however, have to be referred to Rio Janeiro for confirmation.

On account of the revolutionary spirit of the people, a large military force of regular troops is distributed throughout the province. The number in the city alone cannot be less than eight hundred or a thousand. At all the important posts of the city, such as the palace, custom-house, and arsenal, guards are stationed, who may be seen walking about listlessly during the day, with huge muskets on their shoulders, or stretched out before the doorway itself, in a state of half intoxication and repose. On a certain evening, it is said, that as an inebriated Yankee sailor was perambulating the streets of the city, serenading the inhabitants as he reeled along, he was suddenly hailed by one of the custom-house guards, as he was making a short tack to carry himself past that establishment, with "Quem vai la?" (who goes there?) to which question the customary reply is, "Amigo" (a friend). Our hero, however, not understanding a single word of the Portuguese language, had no idea of the interrogatory that had been put to him by the guard—in fact he was quite indignant that any one should have the impertinence to address him in such an authoritative manner, and therefore cried out in a stentorian voice, which was audible at a distance of several hundred yards—"You — screaming Portuguese son of a gun, stop your confounded noise, or I'll send you to ——" Perceiv-

ing that the marine was somewhat exhilarated, and not knowing but the reply he had made was to the effect that he did not understand the language, he was permitted to pass on without any further molestation.

The Brazilians are noted for the kindness which they exercise towards their slaves, and this is particularly the case at Para. They are here treated with extraordinary clemency by their masters, and but little labor comparatively is required of them. Having performed the usual amount of work that is assigned them, they are allowed the residue of the day for their own special advantage, the proceeds of which go towards purchasing their freedom. Even their masters remunerate them for whatever work they perform beyond that regularly allotted them. Instances of singular generosity towards the slaves occur frequently at Para. A Scotch gentleman, well known for his liberality and many good qualities, loaned to a certain slave of an enterprising turn of mind, an amount sufficient to purchase the freedom of himself and family. Godolphus (for this was the name of the slave,) was a noble fellow, and as much esteemed as any one could be, occupying his lowly condition. Having acquired his liberty, a new course of life opened before him. By dint of industry and perseverance, he finally became the leader of a large company of *ganhadores*, and began to accumulate money very rapidly. For a black, his reputation was wonderful.

Whenever a number of men were required to load a vessel or to perform any operation which called for the exercise of physical strength, the applicants were always referred to Godolphus, who furnished immediately whatever number of men might be desired. Prosperity and happiness smiled upon him, and in less than two years he paid off the entire sum that his kind-hearted benefactor had loaned him. Godolphus became known and respected by everybody ! His heart bounded with joy !—for he was released from servile bondage for ever—he was a *slave* no more !

The beggars of Para are so numerous that they may be said to constitute a distinct class of society by themselves. On account of their great numbers they are only permitted to make their *professional* visits on Saturday. On this day the streets literally swarm with them. Some have bandages round their heads ; others have their arms suspended in slings ; while many are afflicted with blindness, and divers other maladies, which we will not take upon ourselves to mention.

The wealthier people are disposed to be charitable towards these poor mendicants, and no one thinks of refusing them a weekly trifle. Should a person be so unwise as to do so, instead of a blessing and a score of thanks, he would probably be saluted with a shower of reproaches, accompanied with imprecations and epithets of a highly derogatory character.

The blacks of Para have regular features, and are in some instances very good looking—the mulattoes are quite comely—the *cafusas* (a mixture of Indian and black) are very animated, having the features of the former, and the curly hair of the latter—the Portuguese and native Brazilians are generally pretty ; but to our taste, the *Mamulukes* or half-breed Indian girls, with their dark eyes, luxuriant hair, and olive complexions, were decidedly the most beautiful and interesting ! The women make use of no more clothing than is absolutely necessary ; and the children of both sexes may be seen running about the streets continually in a state of utter nudity. The men, on ordinary occasions, wear white pantaloons and frock coats, or blouses of the same material. But no person is considered in full dress, unless he is habited in black from head to foot.

Whenever a person is invited to a select dinner party, it is always expected that he should make his appearance in a coat of sable cloth ; but, immediately on his arrival, he is invited to *take it off*, and offered one of fine linen as a substitute. This custom is founded on correct principles, and always meets with the entire satisfaction of strangers. The less restraint that is put upon a person in the mastication of a meal, the more cheerful and animated will be his conversation, the more pungent his wit, the more hearty his jokes, and the more perfect and satisfactory his digestion !

The greater portion of the white inhabitants of the city are Portuguese ; and their language is the one that is principally, if not universally spoken throughout the province. It is soft and musical, and is acquired by foreigners with extraordinary facility. The English and American residents are sufficient in number to form an excellent society in themselves, and are all extensively engaged in commercial transactions with their respective countries.

The festivals at Para are numerous, and appear to be well suited to the romantic beauty of the country, and superstitious character of the inhabitants. Almost every other day is the anniversary of some distinguished saint, and is celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence of the country. The bells are kept ringing throughout the day—a gorgeous procession moves through the narrow streets, and the evening is consecrated by dancing, fireworks, and illuminations.

The most remarkable holiday season that is observed in the province is termed the “Festa de Nazere.” This great festival takes place either in September or October, according to the state of the moon, the light of that luminary being indispensable on this occasion. The usual period of its continuance is about two weeks, during which time the stores in the city are closed, and business almost entirely suspended. All take part in the festivities, both the old and the young, the rich and the poor ; and for weeks previous preparations are made, and nothing

is talked of but the delights and pleasures of the approaching season. The wealthy contribute large sums in cleaning and beautifying the grounds, and in erecting temporary habitations for themselves and families to occupy during the period of the feast.

The poor expend whatever they may have amassed by months of untiring labor, in purchasing gala dresses and ornaments. An intense excitement prevails among all classes, such as those only who have witnessed it can possibly realize.

The origin of the feast was given me by a venerable old man in nearly the following words :—

“Many years ago, as a certain horseman was riding on the flowery plains of Portugal, he perceived a nimble deer gracefully gliding over the grassy meadow, a long way off before him. In a moment he ‘dashed the rowels in his steed,’ and was bounding over the plain in eager pursuit of his intended victim. Like an arrow from a bow, the ill-fated deer continued his rapid flight, but notwithstanding all his efforts, every moment brought his pursuer nearer. The eyes of the horseman were so intensely fixed upon the animal that he was wholly regardless of all else than the possession of his prey, and this single object filled and engrossed all his faculties. Danger was near, but being unconscious of it, he pressed recklessly on ; at last the deer arrived at the brink of an unseen precipice, and plunged headlong into the abyss beneath. The horseman, who was but a short distance

behind, followed with lightning-like rapidity onward—and only when within a few feet of the verge was he aroused to a sense of the awfulness of his situation. It was a critical and a solemn moment!—all human aid was vain! This the rider knew, but still his courage did not forsake him, even in the presence of the impending catastrophe; raising his arms imploringly towards heaven, he inwardly murmured, *Santa Maria, salve me* (holy Mary, save me). The prayer was heard!—by her supernatural influence, the impetus of the fiery charger was checked—and his rider was saved!” From this wonderful interposition on the part of the Sainted Virgin, the festival of Nazere is said to have derived its origin; and however absurd the story may appear to the reader, yet it is positively believed by many of the simple-minded natives of Para.

The historical account of the origin of the festival, as given by a celebrated Portuguese author, is far more satisfactory and credible than the foregoing. According to it, there lived many years ago in the vicinity of Para, a certain mulatto by the name of *Placido*, who was distinguished for his extensive piety and devotion. This solitary individual had in his possession a small and rudely carved image of the Virgin Mary, which he was accustomed to worship both morning and evening. This he kept in his little leaf-covered habitation, and guarded it with the greatest assiduity and care. On the death of Placido, the sacred image fell into the hands of an exceed-

ingly zealous person called Antonio Angostinho, who, by his extensive influence, induced a body of religious enthusiasts to build a kind of hermitage for its accommodation. This hermitage was situated within a short distance from the city, and being easily accessible, it soon became a place of popular resort by many of the citizens, who frequently repaired thither for holy purposes. Finally, on the 3d of July, 1793, it was solemnly decreed by the captain-general of the province, that a regular festival in honor of the Virgin Mary should be held near this place every year. Thus was the Festa de Nazere established—and so well did it accord with the spirit and genius of the people, that it has ever since been most scrupulously observed.

The festivities on this occasion are commenced by a brilliant and extended procession, which forms in the city, and moves out late in the afternoon, towards the Largo de Nazere. The procession is led by a number of citizens on horseback, after whom an immense vehicle styled the “car of triumph” is drawn along by a pair of oxen, handsomely decorated with ribbons and flowers. Within the car are several youths, who afford entertainment to the multitude by occasional discharges of rockets and other fireworks.

A fine band of music next follows, preceding a large body of military. Then comes the president of the province, mounted on a richly caparisoned horse. After him succeeds a chaise, bearing in it a single priest,

together with the sacred image of the Virgin. The procession is closed like all others in Brazil, by a motley crowd of the lower classes—men, with huge trays of fruit and sweetmeats on their heads—Indian damsels, with chains of massive gold suspended round their necks, and children of every complexion, revelling in the freedom of absolute nakedness.

The procession having arrived at the Largo, the image of Nossa Senhora is deposited in the little church fronting the Roscenia de Nazere. A holy ordinance is then performed, and a hymn sung; and every day throughout the festival these religious ceremonies are repeated in the chapel, both at sun-rise and sun-set. The church being exceedingly small, but few persons are able to obtain an entrance, yet hundreds crowd together before the porch, and zealously engage in the chants to the blessed Virgin. The services being concluded, the populace are allowed to enter the church, and each, in their turn, to kiss the consecrated ribbons by which it is profusely ornamented.

In the evening an infinite variety of amusements are resorted to.

Fancy yourself, dear reader, for a moment transported to the enchanting province of which we write. It is a lovely moonlight evening, such as is only witnessed in the tropics, and you are strolling out of the city with a friend to observe the festivities of Nazere!

How beautiful the dense thicket of shrubbery through

which you are wending your way—how prettily those tall palms droop their delicate branches and quiver in the fragrant breeze—how merrily the insects hum and flit about in the pure atmosphere ! But listen an instant to a sound surpassingly rich and melodious that now breaks upon your ear, like a voice from the “spirit land,”—aye, it is the plaintive note of a “southern nightingale,” charming his mate with a love-song of bewitching sweetness. Attentively you hearken to the delightful strain, and a soft melancholy steals over your mind. But at length you arrive at the monument of Nazere ! What a gorgeous spectacle now meets your eye, and what a rapid transition in the state of your feelings instantly takes place !

Before you is an immense assemblage, gaily dancing on the green—a splendid band is enlivening the vast concourse with its stimulating music, and all are busily engaged in a variety of human enjoyments.

Take a peep into the low thatched sheds which line the Largo on either side, and you will see every species of dissipation. In one you will perceive a number of persons occupying themselves with cards, or a party playing billiards. These are gamblers, as is manifest from the piles of dollars exposed on the tables. In another, you may perchance see a soldier or citizen, swinging in a beautifully-woven hammock, and discoursing love to a voluptuous looking Indian maid, with dark

dreamy eyes and long luxuriant hair, while her naturally developed waist is encircled by his wanton arm.

But we will not dwell upon the incidents of this Festa. Suffice it to say, that for two weeks nothing is known but gaiety and pleasure, at the expiration of which time it is brought to its termination.

Although this extraordinary festival usually passes by without any serious accidents or public disturbances, yet it is much to be questioned whether it exerts any other than a debasing tendency upon the morals of the people.

CHAPTER VII.

“Festa dos Ossos.”—“Festa de Espirito Santo.”—Ash Wednesday.—Palm Sunday.—A Romantic Ruin in the Forest.—“Dia de Intrudo,” or Intruding Day.

THE most mysterious of the different festivals of Para is the “Festa dos Ossos,” or festival of bones. This singular celebration, as we understood, was not of annual occurrence, but only took place once in a certain number of years.

On the day of its observance, the cathedral is brilliantly illuminated with lighted candles, which are kept burning from morning until night. In the centre of the church a monumental platform is erected especially for this occasion, which is overhung by a dark tapestry of expensive material, embroidered along its margin with gold and silver fringe. Upon this mausoleum is placed an immense coffin! This is shrouded with a rich drape of black crape, hanging down in profuse folds on either side.

During the day the cathedral is filled with persons who come to gaze upon this strange spectacle, and to render homage to the consecrated shrine of the departed!

About dusk, a body of penitents, dressed in the coarsest

garments, repair to the burying-ground of the poor, where they disinter a quantity of bones which they bring with them into the city. Forming themselves into a procession, they march along through the streets of the city in regular file, each one of them bearing a blazing torch in one hand, and a naked bone in the other. Should a stranger accidentally meet this spectral procession in some unfrequented avenue, he would almost be led to believe that he had encountered a party of cannibals returning from some horrid rite or feast of human flesh.

Having arrived at the cathedral, the penitents enter, and a religious ceremony is performed. This being concluded, each one ascends the platform and casts his bone into the coffin. A hymn follows—then a prayer—and this wonderful festival is ended !

Another of the festivals is in honor of the Holy Ghost, and is styled the “Festa de Espirito Santo.” It is in every respect the opposite of the preceding, being characterized by extreme hilarity and animation. A lofty pole is erected in one of the church squares, the summit of which is ornamented with a picture representing the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove, which is hung around with green wreaths and garlands of flowers. A gorgeous procession parades the streets in the morning, led by a fine band, and distinguished by the great number of its splendid images, which are carried on platforms, profusely strewed with bouquets of the brightest

flowers. In the afternoon services are held in the Church of the Trinity, which is tastefully decked with evergreens for the occasion. In the evening there is a public display of fireworks in the area in front of the church, and a general illumination throughout the city. Every one appears to take a peculiar interest in this day, which is, I believe, universally observed in all the provinces of the empire.

Ash Wednesday is also a very gay day. The procession on this occasion is distinguished by the number of its images, which sometimes exceeds twenty or even thirty. Before the images beautiful little girls with wings on their shoulders, trip along, sportively scattering flowers upon the path. These are intended as representatives of the angels, and none others could have been more appropriately selected for the purpose.

On Palm Sunday, which is celebrated in all parts of Brazil, the display of palm branches is very extensive. The churches are hung with them—the people ornament their persons with their curious leaves—and as the procession passes through the streets, ladies standing out on the balconies, throw down flowers and branches of palms, until the ground is literally covered with them.

The morning after our departure from the Roscenia de Nazere, we were awakened at an unusually early hour by the discordant chiming of the church bells, whose uproar broke upon our slumbers with startling vehemence. The custom of bell ringing is prevalent in

all Catholic countries, but it is carried to an unbounded excess at Para,—from four in the morning until the hour of sunset, they keep up a perpetual jargon, such as habit can alone render familiar, or familiarity endurable !

At six o'clock precisely, we took a cup of coffee, and at nine sat down to a delicious breakfast, consisting of stewed beef and buttered toast, together with tea and chocolate. We then started out to take a snuff of the pure air, as well as a stroll among the quiet environs of the city.

Passing slowly through the streets of the town, we at length arrived at a beautiful promenade, called the "*Estrada das Mangabeiras*." This is a well laid out and magnificent highway, running from north to south, along the western suburbs of the city, and extending from the marine arsenal to the "*Largo da Polvora*."

It is skirted on either side with lofty mangabeira trees, which stand within ten feet or more from each other, in regular rows, forming a green arch overhead with their bending branches. Being the finest road in the vicinity of the city, considerable care is taken to keep it in excellent order. A more beautiful promenade, I think I never saw.

Pursuing our walk along this charming highway, we diverged from our course to visit the hospital of S. Jose. This establishment was in former times used as a kind of convent, but, like many institutions of a similar character, it has of late years been converted into an institution

of more practical utility. A botanical garden was commenced many years ago on the extensive grounds connected with the hospital, but owing to a deficiency of energy and public spirit on the part of its projectors, the plan was soon abandoned, and no attempt has been since made to revive it.

Near to this place is the *recolimento* of orphan girls. This is an institution for the maintenance of female infants, selected for the most part from the large number of those deposited at the Foundling Hospital. This latter establishment is for the convenience of those who are not able, or who do not wish to take charge of their own children. The building is provided with a huge wheel, occupying the place of a window, half of which is exposed, while the other half is within the building. The wheel is supplied with four cradles, one of which is always visible from without. Whenever a parent wishes to abandon his child, all he or she has to do, is to take the child in the evening and put it in one of the cradles of the wheel. A semi-revolution then conveys it immediately within the house, where it is taken care of for the future. A considerable portion of the infants disposed of in this inhuman manner are the children of slaves ; all that survive are ever after free.

As the heat of the summer was now very powerful, we sought relief in the refreshing shades of the forest. Wending our way through a green tunnel of fantastic foliage, we shortly emerged from its cooling twilight into

the open grounds of a wild and neglected garden. In the midst of the clear space, surrounded by an almost impassable wall of low bushes, and overhung with gay festoons of flowering vines, was a stone mansion of noble proportions, half demolished by the ravages of time, yet solemn and interesting even in its mournful decay. Gay spirits had once inhabited that lone dwelling, but they have long since gone; the tinkling of merry music no longer resounds along its deserted corridors; the revelry of the joyous dance no more breaks upon the stillness of the surrounding wilderness, and the house itself, like its former proprietors, is rapidly "passing away." Some twenty or thirty years ago, Spix and Von Martius, two eminent German naturalists, spent several weeks at this romantic spot, in whose near vicinity they succeeded in collecting a variety of rare specimens, both of insects and plants and birds. They could not have selected a location more convenient for their laudable purposes than this, anywhere within the neighborhood of the city, and it was this fact that induced them to take up their abode there, in defiance of its dilapidated condition, and the numerous intruders, in the way of bats and reptiles, that were accustomed to frequent its moss-grown and tottering walls.

Having plucked a few choice flowers, and picked up some curious shells, which we found crawling about the walls of the majestic ruin, we dashed once more into the forest, and commenced retracing our steps towards the

city. In less than an hour we were again seated in one of the front apartments of Mr. Campbell's spacious house, looking down upon the moving throng beneath us, and chatting familiarly on the different spectacles as they severally met our eye.

Among the passers by we noticed a man of wonderful corpulency jogging slowly through the street, while with one hand he was wiping away the thick drops of perspiration that had gathered on his massive brow. "That man," said a gentleman present, "has had *three wives*." "Three wives!" ejaculated a merry Scotchman at our elbow, "by heavens! he looks as if he had *eaten them all*."

Many of the houses in the city still bear marks of the late disturbances. That of Mr. Norris, an intelligent and hospitable American merchant, is perhaps the most notable in this respect. Being a very lofty building, it was used as a kind of fort, and garrisoned by the president's guard. Some of the upper window-blinds were completely riddled with bullets, and in the garden, Mr. N. informed me, that he found a quantity of balls, of from half a pound to a pound in weight. These were probably thrown from the vessels then lying in the harbor.

The view of Para from the cupola of this building is very picturesque and variegated. The red-tiled roofs of the houses, the rich shrubbery of the gardens, with here and there a single cocoa-nut tree lifting up its feather-

tufted head, constitute a pleasing contrast; while the dark and venerable-looking churches, and the vine-grown walls of the unfinished theatre give additional interest to the charming scene. Before you, the sparkling waters of the harbor, studded with little islands, stretch out like a lake. Behind, a dense wilderness of never-fading foliage presents an imposing background to the enchanting landscape.

The ensuing day was probably the most remarkable that we in person had ever witnessed in Brazil. It was called the "Dia de Intrudo," or Intruding-day. Being the day immediately preceding Lent, it seemed as if the multitude had determined to enjoy themselves as much as possible, while they yet had it in their power, in view of the restrictions which the coming season imposes upon their conduct.

On "Intruding-day," every one is permitted to assail whomsoever he pleases, with such articles as are accustomed to be used on this occasion. The most innocent of these are small waxen balls called "cabacinhas," being about equal to a hen's egg in size, and filled with perfumed water. For some time previous to the day in question, black-eyed damsels may be seen parading the streets, with large trays on their uncovered heads, laden with these sportive missiles, glistening with their gay colors of azure and crimson and gold. They are sold for a penny apiece, and every one lays in a stock of them, in preparation for the approaching carnival.

On the morning of this remarkable anniversary, all the balconies of the different mansions are fortified with frolicsome damsels, who keep up an indiscriminate warfare with their cabacinhas, against all who lucklessly attract their attention in the street. But the sport is not entirely confined to the innocent waxen balls. As the excitement increases, basins, syringes, and even pails and tubs of water are called into requisition. Every one is assaulted, but no one pretends to take offence. Should a person do so, ten to one that he would be seized and most unceremoniously ducked into a hogshhead of water, until his foolish ire was somewhat abated. This has been done in several instances.

Heedless of all consequences, J. and myself rashly ventured into the streets for the purpose of witnessing the sport. Cabacinhas were flying in all directions, syringes were filling the air with glittering spray, while basins and dippers and pails, wielded by female hands, were pouring their watery contents with marvellous assiduity upon the devoted heads of the unfortunate passers-by.

We by no means escaped unscathed ; on the contrary, in less than half an hour we were as thoroughly drenched as if we had been taking a bath in the river with our clothes on. But don't imagine, fond reader, that we bore all this with the patience of a Job, or the humility of an anchorite. No such thing ! Eagerly we rushed into the thickest of the fray, throwing our cabacinhas with skill, wherever a pretty face presented itself. Peep-

ing through a half open lattice, I perceived a lovely young damsel luxuriantly reclining in her hammock, her long sable tresses hanging in wavy masses over her pretty face and olive-mantled bosom. She appeared to be in a gentle slumber, and the magic smile that still played around her rosy lips, nearly disarmed me of my intended purpose.

But my determination was made, and it was now too late to retract. So, delicately tossing one of my cabacinhas into the apartment, it broke upon the cheek of the charming maiden; jumping up hurriedly in her fright, she rushed at once to the window, and in an instant her stag-like eyes were fixed upon me as the heartless assailant. Transfixed with guilt and enraptured at the sight of her beauty, my heart rebuked me for the deed I had committed, and I felt half resolved to make atonement for my crime, but just at this moment, a well-charged ball from the hand of the maiden herself, almost blinded my left ogle, and suddenly banished the idea from my mind.

The most formidable of all the belligerents was a certain widow lady, who had from a lofty balcony been pouring down pails of water upon the heads of all who passed below. Bent on revenge, a young man who had been near drowned by this virago, entered her house, with his pockets full of cabacinhas. He was *white, surely*, when he entered that fatal house, but when he came out, his complexion was as dark as that

of the raven's wing. How it came so, any reader with the slightest spark of imagination can easily surmise.

But to be brief. The day passed by without any consequent evils, and the beautiful moonlight evening which followed, was devoted to music, dancing, and revelry of every kind !

CHAPTER VIII.

Excursion to Caripe.—Character of Scenery.—Indian Huts.—Insects and Birds.—An Adventure.—Nesting-tree of the Yellow Orioles.—A Rio Negro Canoe.—Lovely Scene.—Arrival at Caripe.—A Stroll in the Woods.—Young Cocoa-nuts.—A Paca.—An Armadillo.—Farina: its manufacture and value.—A Bath by Sunset.

ABOUT a week after taking leave of Nazere, we made an excursion to Caripe. This is a neglected fruit and sugar plantation, situated on a small island nearly twenty miles from the city of Para.

Floating down slowly with the tide, by the glimmering light of the stars, we guided our singular looking canoe amid a labyrinth of fairy islands, until at last we turned into an embowered streamlet to our left; and were thus paddling slowly along, against a powerful current, when with a flood of light the glorious morning dawned! How enchanting now was everything around! The dew-drops on the overhanging branches glistened like jewels in the bright sunlight, splendid birds flew from bough to bough, chattering merrily in the fulness of their joy, insects innumerable kept up a continual buz-

zing in the pure atmosphere, while flowers of every hue studded the drooping foliage of the trees, that met in an arch of tropical magnificence directly over our heads ! The effect of such a scene, presented suddenly to the mind, is exhilarating beyond description, and none who have had the good fortune to experience it, will ever forget the delicious sensation, should an age of sorrow and of grief succeed.

The first impressions are always the most delightful and permanent, and often, aye often, when gazing enraptured on a lovely landscape, have I closed my eyes upon it for a moment, that I might again and again be startled by the sudden bursting of the beautiful vision upon my mind, and at last I have turned away with a feeling of melancholy that the same degree of exquisite delight could never be mine again, that the *charm* had vanished away for ever.

Gradually the streamlet became wider and wider, and the trees on either bank receded further and further from each other, until at last several rods intervened between the opposite shores. Although rather monotonous, yet the scenery along the banks was singularly wild and beautiful. Dense thickets lined the shores, and groves of bamboo stretched out to a considerable distance in the water. Here and there an opening in the forest disclosed to us an Indian wigwam, at the same time giving us a hasty glimpse of its swarthy inmates. These huts of the natives are constructed by means of poles driven

in the ground, over which a light roof, composed of canes and palm leaves closely matted together, is securely fastened. Being generally open in front, a good view of the interior is thus afforded to the passing traveller, who sees, perhaps, a group of natives seated on the ground, quietly smoking their long pipes, or lounging in their hammocks, thumbing with their fingers the strings of a species of violin or guitar, which they hold in their hand. A variety of domesticated animals and loquacious parrots completes the scene, which to the eye of a stranger always appears eminently picturesque and pleasing.

As we proceeded onward, we met several small *montarias* manned by half-naked Indians, coming from the opposite direction. Nothing is more deserving of notice than the different varieties of water-craft that one encounters in sailing up the rivers and streams of Para. The "*montarias*" are of the simplest construction, being made from the trunk of a tree, hollowed out by the aid of fire and rude instruments. Boats of this description are, some of them, so light, that they may easily be carried from place to place by the united strength of two persons. They are, besides, so narrow, and draw so little water, that they are of great use in navigating the smallest streams. It is a curious spectacle to see one of these singular craft filled with Indians, paddling rapidly down the current of an arbored stream in South America—the extraordinary formation of the boat itself—the strange appearance of the natives—the simultaneous

dipping of twenty paddles, and the glistening of the silvery spray, is calculated to produce an impression upon the mind of the beholder so palpably distinct, that it can never be erased.

Gigantic moths and butterflies of many hues were continually flitting near us, and, with the assistance of a long netted pole which we fortunately had on board, we captured several fine specimens. But this was not all,—with our faithful guns, we shot quite a variety of shining kingfishers and other birds, perched upon dry stems jutting out over the water, in anxious expectation of their prey, or slumbering away the day in the midst of their lovely sylvan bowers.

“Jack,” said my companion to me, suddenly, “look at these egrets along the shore—had n’t we better try and give them a shot? They are now more than a rifle shot off, but by keeping perfectly still for a few moments, we can doubtless get within a suitable shooting distance.”

“By all means,” exclaimed I, with pleasure—“we must give these tall fellows a Yankee salute. How majestically they walk along the beach! how symmetrical their delicate forms! how snowy white their plumage!”

There they were indeed!—twenty as handsome birds as a naturalist might wish to behold—marching slowly along the shore, in quest of their favorite food, as naturally and unsuspectingly as if danger was not near.

Our men scarcely touched the water with their pad-

dles, and so smoothly did we glide over the placid surface of the water, as to leave no perceptible wake behind. We spoke not, but kept our eyes intently fixed upon our prey, expecting them every moment to take flight; at last I raised my gun, and took deliberate aim—but to my great chagrin, the cap alone exploded, alarming the birds by the sound, who rose instantly into the air. But a sharp report from J. now rang on my ear!—the shot whistled in its unerring flight, and down came two of the charming birds stone dead, while another, who was merely winged, ran swiftly along the shore. As we were desirous of preserving this one alive, one of our men volunteered to leave the boat and pursue him. Stripping himself for this purpose, he jumped into the water, and was soon in rapid chase after his victim. The spectacle now presented, was, to say the least, decidedly ludicrous; and at this very moment we see the poor fellow in our imagination just as he was then, *in puris naturalibus*, running with surprising velocity after that ill-fated bird! Eventually the feathered biped was captured by our hero, who, having secured his prize, triumphantly started out for the boat, with the bird fluttering violently in one of his hands. As he was wading out towards us, through the shallow water, he suddenly sank up to his shoulders in a quicksand, and was wholly unable to extricate himself from his critical situation. But the fellow acted bravely, and still continued to hold on to the legs of his white-pinioned bird. Forcing our

craft up to him, as near as the shallowness of the water would allow, we succeeded by the aid of a pole in relieving our unfortunate companion from his perilous dilemma, and in getting him once more on board. The bird was in excellent order, his delicate snowy plumage being almost unruffled. He proved to be an egret of the largest kind, and was characterized by long legs, eyes of a bright crimson, and plumes on his back of great length and beauty. The bird manifested but little fear, and soon became so well reconciled to his new condition, as to eat food from our hands. He survived the excursion, and lived with us in a state of perfect domesticity for many days !

Perceiving a respectable-looking cottage peeping from amid the shade of the surrounding foliage on the bank to our right, we bethought ourselves of halting for a short time, in order to enjoy a few moments' relief from the overpowering heat of the sun, and to refresh our envious palates with a taste of the luscious fruit with which the adjacent groves were bountifully teeming.

Guiding our boat into a little cove, we disembarked and secured it firmly to the trunk of a tree. The proprietor of the estate met us as we were walking up towards the house, gave us a cordial welcome, and invited us to partake of some fruit and wine under the shelter of his commodious veranda. This we gladly assented to, and forthwith proceeded to the house with our kind-hearted host, where we regaled ourselves upon

a sumptuous banquet of juicy oranges, delectable bananas, and sweet-flavored mangoes, together with some delicious port, and a rich beverage prepared from the fruit of the cocoa plant. Having sufficiently refreshed ourselves, we strolled for a short time about the garden, previous to taking our departure. At last we bade farewell to our hospitable entertainer, and prepared to resume our journey.

Overhanging the water with its drooping branches, was a tree of prodigious size, literally full of the long nests of the yellow-rumped oriole. The novelty of the spectacle did not fail to attract our observation, and we halted for a few moments beneath its shade, in order to scrutinize the motions of the hundred gay-colored birds who were chattering and fluttering amid the thickness of the foliage. The general colors of these birds were black and yellow, strikingly blended together, and their notes were shrill and discordant to the ear.

It is a singular fact, by the way, that birds of bright plumage, with few exceptions, are not endowed with the faculty of song, while, on the other hand, the sweetest warblers, such as the British nightingale and the American mocking-bird, have a dull and uninviting exterior.

It is almost impossible to drive these orioles from their nesting trees ! If you have a heart so cruel, you may continue to fire at them for hours, and may wantonly destroy half their number, yet the remainder will still flutter around the sacred spot, vainly endeavoring to

protect their helpless offspring, to whom they are strongly bound by those mysterious ties which death alone can sunder. The natives have a superstitious dread of killing these beautiful birds, and, like the robin redbreast in our own country, they are everywhere protected and beloved.

While proceeding onward, we fell in with a huge and fantastic Rio Negro canoe, on her return from a long voyage far up the Amazon. She was truly a most comical craft, bearing not a little resemblance to a Chinese junk. Both stem and stern were square, and painted in a very singular manner. At either extremity was a small cabin, over each of which was an awning, made of palm leaves thickly matted together. Seated on the quarter-deck, was the pilot or captain; on his head was a coarse hat, with an enormous brim—in his mouth, an Indian pipe of considerable length, while with his right hand he held firmly on to the tiller, thus controlling the languid motions of his very extraordinary vessel, in the most comfortable manner imaginable!

As the breeze was extremely light, at least a dozen powerful looking blacks were employed in rowing the canoe, by means of poles not less than fifteen feet in length, on the extremities of which were fastened circular pieces of wood of a foot or more in diameter.

A number of unfortunate natives on board of the vessel particularly attracted our notice. They were yoked two and two together like so many cattle, by huge

blocks of wood, into which their feet were inserted. These pitiable beings, we understood, had been seized by the authorities of Rio Negro for some trivial offence, and were now being transported to Para for the purpose of enrolment in the army for life. The government of the province is in constant fear of a second insurrection, and takes this means therefore of adding to its strength ; but there is little doubt, however, that this course, if much longer persisted in, will inevitably result in the very end which it is intended to avert.

In addition to the crew and Indians, we observed several beautiful Rio Negro girls, whose dreamy eyes and dark tresses, hanging in dishevelled masses over their handsomely rounded shoulders and well-developed bosoms, left an impression upon our *susceptible hearts* that was not soon erased.

There were besides on board a variety of rare monkeys and other nimble animals, who were amusing themselves in gambolling with each other about the rigging ; also a general assortment of parrots and long-tailed macaws, of which one of the latter was conspicuously perched upon the top of the mast-head itself, looking around on the picturesque landscape beneath him with all the pride and dignity of a sovereign !

We were now approaching the termination of our short but interesting voyage, and were sailing between two charming islands, whose alternate groves and plantations of sugar-cane, waving like fields of Indian-corn,

gave a variety to the scene which was exceedingly pleasing to the eye. The grateful fragrance of the forest flowers perfumed the air ; the groves were alive with the joyful voices of birds ; and the surface of the rippling water was sparkling in the sunshine like a mantle of diamonds. So perfectly magnificent was the scene, that we were almost willing to believe that we were in the far-famed land of the fairies, or that the magic wand of the enchantress had created by its influence the lovely landscape we beheld.

Suddenly we emerged from the stream into the broad expanse of the river, which was here ten or twelve miles across to the next intervening island. This island was Marajo, concerning which we shall have something to say by and by.

Not more than a mile distant, to our left, the white sandy beach and red-tiled mansions of Caripe broke upon our view. It was a pleasant sight, and we gazed upon it earnestly and with increased delight as its distance from us became gradually diminished.

Arriving at the glistening beach, we disembarked, and leaving the boat to be secured by the men, we immediately sought the house. We found the building to be large and in good condition, with several commodious apartments, and a snug little veranda in front.

The surrounding scenery was wild and diversified. On one side was a dense forest, on the other an extensive garden, comprising flowers and plants of endless varieties,

beyond which were groves of orange and other fruit trees, and thriving fields of tufted sugar-cane, while before us, the noble river of the Amazons expanded out like a sea of molten silver !

As soon as we had sufficiently rested ourselves, and dispatched a hastily prepared meal of boiled tapioca and milk, we took a walk of exploration and investigation through the extensive grounds of "Caripe."

The estate was evidently in a sadly dilapidated condition, and so overgrown with gigantic weeds and thick shrubbery, that we were frequently obliged to use our long "wood knives," which we carried with us on all occasions, in order to effect a passage through them.

While walking through a pleasant grove, one of our men climbed a tall cocoa-nut tree, and threw down to us a cluster of its fine fruit. They were hardly ripe, but on breaking the shell of one of them, we found its contents extremely delicious.

Hearing the sudden report of a gun near by, I turned my eyes in the direction from whence it came, and perceived at the distance of several rods, my companion J. triumphantly holding a small animal in one hand, while with the other he grasped the barrel of his gun, the stock of which rested on the ground.

"Well done, J.!" exclaimed I, "what kind of an animal have you killed?"

"The animal," replied J. advancing towards us, "is called by the natives, I believe, a paca, and a very hand-

some little creature it is. He was running quickly through the thicket at the moment I fired, and I was then uncertain whether it was a bird or a beast. However, I determined to satisfy my curiosity."

The animal was of a reddish brown color, with rather coarse hair, and a head resembling in shape that of a guinea-pig. His sides were prettily striped with white, and his countenance was adorned with whiskers like those of a cat. He was about the size of a large rabbit, and very fat. The flesh of the paca is esteemed a great delicacy, and is as white and tender as that of a chicken. He is nocturnal in his habits, and sleeps during the most of the day. They are perfectly innocent and harmless, and are often domesticated, in which state they are quite interesting and playful.

Strolling on through the woods, it was not long before one of our companions espied a small armadillo, to which we gave chase, and soon succeeded in capturing. He was a comical fellow, with a queer looking, sharp-pointed head, and a banded coat-of-mail almost equal to that of the tortoise in strength and solidity. Animals of this kind are harmless, and live chiefly on vegetables and insects, which they for the most part procure during the night. They are furnished by nature with powerful claws, with which they are enabled to dig burrows with wonderful facility. Their flesh is much relished by the natives, who hunt them with dogs, and dig them out of

the deepest recesses of their subterranean retreats. When attacked, they roll themselves into a ball, so invulnerable as to be secure from the assaults of most of their pursuers. Thus does an all-wise Providence provide for the safety of these animals, who without such special aid would be utterly unable to protect themselves, and for the preservation of a class of animals which would otherwise soon become extinct.

Retracing our steps to the house, we could not but admire the exuberant foliage by which we were surrounded. The trees were in close proximity to each other, and formed an umbrageous canopy above us, by the meeting of their drooping branches. Brilliant parasites of every hue glittered like stars amid the emerald-like verdure, grotesque plants of mammoth size stood around us—glad birds chattered on the branches, and busy insects fluttered in the air!

Arriving at the house, we observed a number of old slaves engaged in making farina. As this article is a general substitute for bread among the poorer classes throughout the province, a few remarks concerning its origin and manufacture, may not prove wholly uninteresting to the reader.

The vegetable (*Jatropha manihot*) from which the farina is made is in its natural state considered quite poisonous, and is entirely unfit for the purpose of nutrition. The means, therefore, by which its pernicious qua-

lities are expelled, and the nutritious principle retained, must always be regarded as a most extraordinary and invaluable discovery.

The plant is a native of Brazil, and was known to the natives on their first intercourse with the white men. No other vegetable, not even wheat, possesses an equal degree of nutriment, and, together with bananas and wild meat, it constitutes the principle item of the native Brazilian's bill of fare. The farina is made from the root, which is first rasped with a piece of indented wood, until it is reduced to a pulpy consistence. The juice is then effectually expressed in the following singular manner: large circular baskets of plaited rushes are filled with the raspings of the mandioca root, and then suspended from the branches of the trees. By means of a considerable weight of stones fastened beneath, the rushes are drawn tightly together, and most of the liquid squeezed out. After this, the pulpy substance is exposed on skins to the rays of the sun, for the purpose of evaporating all the remaining moisture.

The juice being at length entirely expressed, the pulp is placed on large earthenware pans, and stirred over a hot fire until it granulates; it is then put up in baskets for use. The manner in which the natives eat the farina is very amusing, and is besides perfectly inimitable. Taking a quantity of it in one of their hands, by a skilful motion of their arm they toss every particle of it into their mouths, and it seldom happens that any is

wasted in this manner. I have frequently attempted to imitate them, but I found that the feat required more legerdemain talent than I was master of, and that on every trial my mouth was but little better supplied with the granulated material than either my nose or eyes.

A milk-white substance is deposited by the juice of the mandioca root, which being collected, and hardened by exposure to the sun, constitutes the article so well known as tapioca, from which such wholesome and delicious puddings are made. So very poisonous is the root in its natural state, that it has been found to occasion death in a few minutes when administered experimentally to animals, and it is said that the natives used it with great effect many years ago in destroying their Spanish persecutors. It has been ascertained by dissection that this poison operates by means of the nervous system, producing immediate convulsions and exquisite torments, as soon as it is introduced into the stomach. In some instances it has been used in the execution of criminals, in which cases death invariably ensued within from five to ten minutes after its imbibition. The fatal principle appears to exist in certain gases, which are dissipated by heat. This is conclusively proved, from the harmlessness and highly nutritious properties of the farina, when the process of its manufacture has been completed.

It has been stated on good authority, that a single acre of land planted with the mandioca root, will afford nourishment to more persons than six acres of wheat

planted in the same manner, and my own observation fully justifies this assertion. Concerning the value of this plant, Southey remarks with truth, that "If Ceres deserved a place in the mythology of Greece, far more might the deification of that person have been expected who instructed his fellows in the use of mandioc!"

Being near sunset when we arrived at the house, we lost no time in going down to the river's side, to undergo a refreshing ablution in its pure and sparkling waters. For this purpose, there is no spot better adapted by nature than the beach at Caripe. So gradual is the slope of the bank that, at high tide, a person can wade out for several hundred rods without getting beyond his depth. During the spring tides, the water rises and falls full fifteen feet. The strand is hard, and is composed of the finest white sand, and is as smooth and clean as the floor of a ball-room.

The water was remarkably transparent, insomuch that we could distinctly discern snowy pebbles and unique shells lying on the bottom at the distance of many feet. Its surface was mantled with all the splendor of the setting sun, and a beautiful sight was it for us to watch the mimic waves, tinged with the sunbeams, as they sportively broke upon the shore.

For nearly half an hour we plunged and swam and bespattered one another, as playfully and happily as a party of innocent mermaids bathing in their own enchanted lake. No ravenous sharks or ferocious caymans

were here to molest us ! No clawed monsters, not even a crab or a lobster did we see ; but hosts of gold and silver-gleaming fishes were continually darting like so many little fairy sprites around us !

With spirits gay and our bodies all in a glow, we at last came out of the water. Parting day had sped ; and when again we reached the house, bright stars were peeping from the sky !

It was evening, and never shall we forget it while the pulse of life throbs in our veins. The deep silence, the wild beauty of the scenery, the tranquillity of the river, spread out like a lake, and the reflection of the stars on its surface, presented a picture of natural beauty that we have but rarely seen surpassed !

CHAPTER IX.

Melancholy Incident.—The Island of Marajo.—Our Indian Captain Gaviono.—Life on Board a Brazilian Schooner.—A thrilling Adventure.—Curious Game.—Mexiana.—Mysterious Mound.—A Night in the Stream.

AT sunrise on the ensuing morning we emerged from our hammocks, and having fortified our stomachs with a strong cup of coffee, we sallied out into the adjoining woods.

In the afternoon we took our departure, and arrived in the city about nine in the evening. A lamentable occurrence took place at Caripe some few weeks afterwards, which we will briefly relate.

Among the number of persons whose acquaintance we had made while in the city, was a young Englishman by the name of Graham, who had left his native country in quest of health, accompanied by his lovely wife and only child. During his residence in Brazil he had devoted a great portion of his time in prosecuting the study of natural history, and had succeeded by industry and untiring perseverance, in acquiring an extensive collection of birds, quadrupeds, and shells. His younger bro-

ther had recently arrived from England for the purpose of escorting him back to his native country.

The elder Graham being desirous of giving his brother a glimpse of the country before leaving for Europe, suggested a trip to Caripe, whither, in company with a faithful black who had been his constant companion, they all went. Wishing one day to cross over to the island of Marajo, he started out in a little canoe, for the purpose of gaining a larger one, which was lying at anchor in the river, about half a mile from the shore. Through some carelessness or mismanagement, the frail boat was upset, and Mr. Graham, together with his wife and child, was plunged into the water. Every exertion was made by those in the larger vessel to save them, but without avail. The three were drowned! This tragic scene was witnessed by young Graham from the beach, but, alas! he could render no assistance. What tumultuous throes of anguish must have wrung that orphan brother's heart on beholding those most dear to him on earth swallowed up in a moment by the relentless waves, leaving him alone in a land of strangers! Mr. Graham was himself an excellent swimmer, but lost his own life in a vain endeavor to save that of his wife. Their bodies tightly locked together, floated ashore. Surely, "they loved in life, and in death they were not divided." A rude grave was dug in the sand, and the sad remains of worth and beauty consigned to its bosom. Here amid the solitude of beautiful nature, and on the banks

of the king of rivers, they sweetly repose. No tear of friendship bedews the spot, but the rising tide of the mighty Amazon daily weeps over it. Martyrs to the science they so nobly prosecuted, they are calmly sleeping at Caripe !

“ There breathes the odor of summer flowers,
And the music of birds is there.”

Having passed another agreeable week in the city, we decided on making a visit to the beautiful island of Marajo. This island lies directly in the mouth of the Amazon, and is somewhat more than a hundred miles in length by from fifty to eighty in breadth. On account of its rare beauty and the infinite variety of its flowering plants, it has been significantly called by the natives, “The isle of flowers.” This island abounds in large campos, or extensive meadows, covered with tall grass, which are frequented by immense numbers of wild cattle and horses. The horses were so abundant some years since, that they were killed by hundreds, merely for the sake of their hides. A malignant disorder, however, finally broke out among them, which destroyed a great proportion of their number, and seemed to threaten extermination to the entire race. Since then they have been comparatively scarce, but many thousands still roam over the grassy plains of Marajo !

The vessel in which we sailed thither was a queer-

looking schooner, and was used exclusively in the transportation of wild cattle from the state of "Jungal" to the city. It was manned entirely by natives : the captain himself was an Indian, and decidedly the most intelligent and entertaining one that we had previously encountered. He was both a skilful musician and an inveterate storyteller. His name was Gaviono. Throughout the day he was as lively as a lark, and appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in recounting to us the many strange adventures with which his memory was well supplied. But when the shades of night fell on the river, and the fragrant and soothing breeze from the land blew freshly over the waters, and the stars of heaven beamed brightly in the sky, then a perceptible change came over the spirit of Gaviono's dream. All gaiety vanished from his mind, and for hours together he would swing in his grass-woven hammock, without speaking a single word, but all the time playing a succession of plaintive airs on his musical, though rudely constructed guitar.

Sometimes, too, when in a merrier mood, he would favor us with a song. His voice was powerful and of surpassing richness, but wholly unfettered by the rules of singing art. He sang but few songs, and these were chiefly of a national character. They were characterized by a wildness of sentiment and strangeness of melody, that could not but produce a most powerful impression upon the mind of the listener.

Music is at all times pleasing to the ear, and seems to

exert a very beneficial, although mysterious, influence upon the human soul ! What a soothing power it has over the troubled spirit when oppressed by sorrow, or overburdened with grief ? Like oil poured out upon the tempestuous waters, it calms the heavings of the soul, modifies the turbulence of excited passion, elevates the intellect, smoothes the temper, and restores universal peace and placitude to the perturbed faculties of the mind.

But he who would feel the full potency of music must hear it while gliding over tranquil waters ; when the atmosphere is balmy and pure, and the scenery around of that wild and romantic character, so well calculated to call into action the sublimer emotions of the mind. Let it be at night, when the stars are shining brightly, and the moon in silent majesty is moving swiftly through its azure pathway in the sky, and then he who can listen unmoved to the sweet strains of trembling melody as it steals softly upon his ear, must have a heart too *cold for earth*—oh ! let him never hope for heaven !

It was under such circumstances as these that we loved especially to listen to Gaviono's voice ; and nothing appeared to afford him more gratification than the sincere praises we were in the habit of bestowing upon his humble, although none the less admirable performance.

Owing to the changes of the tides and the dangers of the river navigation, we invariably anchored at night.

At early morn we were again under weigh, sailing along shores gemmed with flowering rushes, and fringed with the most magnificent shrubbery, which hung in heavy masses over the placid surface of the water.

Our repasts were by no means epicurean : a miserable dilution, politely styled coffee, was our daily beverage, and coarse farina and jerked beef our only edibles. The latter consisted of long strips of meat that had been thoroughly dried by exposure to the sun. There being no stove on board, a fire was made on some large stones, and the process of cooking performed by securing a piece of the dried beef on the end of a forked stick, and holding it directly over the blaze, until it was sufficiently roasted for agreeable mastication !

While our schooner was at anchor, we frequently went ashore in the small boat, in quest of natural curiosities and game. On one afternoon, I remained on board, while J., my constant companion, started off in the little boat, accompanied by several of the men, he to hunt for birds, and they to seek for crabs.

On arriving at the beach, the men separated from J., and followed up a small stream, looking eagerly for shell-fish, while he, solitary and alone, wandered along the outskirts of the forest, listening attentively to every sound, and watching with a sportsman's eye for any movement that might be made among the branches over his head. I occasionally heard the report of his gun as it came booming over the water, and began to regret that

I had not gone ashore with him. The schooner was moored at least a mile from the land, so that we were unable to see anything of our companions except when standing by themselves in bold relief upon the sandy beach.

But to return to J. For two hours he rambled along the margin of the dark wild woods, occasionally penetrating for a few rods into the thicket, as the voice of some strange bird attracted him thither. Having killed quite a number of richly-plumaged birds, he at last issued from the forest and descended to the beach. To his infinite amazement and consternation the small boat was nowhere to be seen. "What! had his companions deserted him! or had they become intoxicated, and, in endeavoring to reach the schooner, been drowned." These were the thoughts that broke upon his mind, as he reflected upon the horrible idea of being abandoned, and necessitated to pass the night upon that lonely and gloomy shore.

It was near sunset, and in half an hour more the dark mantle of night would be thrown over the beautiful landscape around! No time was to be lost; he exerted his voice to its utmost capacity, but it failed to reach our ears. We were then lounging sluggishly in our hammocks, and our senses being somewhat blunted by Morpheus, we neither saw our friend nor heard his voice. Scanning the surface with a hawk-like eye, J. finally caught a glimpse of the small boat floating at some distance from the shore. It had been carried away

by the tide. At this fortunate moment the men emerged from the woods ; as soon as they perceived the condition of the boat, one of them jumped instantaneously into the water, and being an excellent swimmer, soon reached the boat, into which he got, and paddled it again ashore. They then returned to the schooner. J. related the incident with considerable warmth : "Never," said he, "shall I forget the feelings I experienced during those few moments of anxiety, should I live until every hair on my head is grey."

Among the birds which J. had killed were several handsome parrots, a couple of glistening jacamars, and a variety of little manakins, together with a red squirrel and a small black monkey.

"Upon my word," said I, "I regret very much that I did not accompany you. You have had much better luck than I anticipated."

"I wish really that you had been with me," replied J., "you would have seen as splendid an ornithological spectacle as you ever gazed on before. While walking along the forest I frightened up a flock of tall scarlet flamingoes from a marshy thicket, where they had been feeding. I fired at them instantly, but, on account of the distance, my shot had no perceptible effect."

"It must, indeed, have been on account of the distance," replied I, "for never did I know you to miss your mark when within a suitable shooting distance ; but, by heavens ! I would have given up all my hopes of

pleasure for a week to come, to have had a moment's glimpse at these flamingoes ; for, to tell the truth, I never saw a live specimen in my life. It must truly have been a gorgeous sight."

"I have some curious shells in my pocket," said J., "which I picked up on the shore ; also several fine guavas, which I preserved particularly for you,—here they are," continued he, at the same time handing me several specimens of this well known fruit. They were about the size of a peach, with a bright yellow skin ; within, the pulp was of the deepest crimson, and of a very agreeable taste.

"Let us try and get something to eat," remarked J., "for I'm as hungry as an ogre." Saying this we went together into the cabin, where we made a hearty supper on jerked beef and farina.

During the evening we swung in our hammocks in the open air, and chatted with each other on the events of the day, and of the delights we anticipated on Marajo. Gaviono, also, favored us with several of his admirable songs.

At an early hour on the following morning our worthy captain, Gaviono, pointed out to us a charming island, whose tall palm-trees in the distance appeared like tufts of verdure rising above the watery surface. It was the lovely island of "Mexiana, concerning whose beauties and various attractions we had heard many graphic accounts.

This island is from forty to fifty miles in extent, and from ten to twenty in width. It has but one house of any consequence, which is quite large, and is surrounded by the most enchanting scenery imaginable. The beach, which lies within a short distance in front of the house, is of snowy whiteness, and abounds with many varieties of pearly muscles and valuable shells. The campos, like those of Marajo, are well supplied with cattle, numbers of which are periodically exported to the city. The forest is noted for the abundance of its fierce jaguars and brilliant birds, and the streams teem with alligators and singular fish. Mr. Graham, the enterprising naturalist, whose unfortunate death at Caripe we have heretofore alluded to, collected, during a residence of three months on this island, upwards of two hundred distinct species of birds, besides an infinite variety of insects, shells, and other natural curiosities. He spoke in glowing terms of the various charms of the island, and said that the attractions it offered to the lover of natural history were unrivalled by those of any spot he had ever before visited.

There is a considerable mound in the centre of the island which has especially attracted the attention of visitors. It is partially covered with trees and rich shrubbery, and, on account of the prominence of its situation, commands a fine view of the picturesque landscape by which it is environed.

For many years an inexplicable mystery hung over

this place, and various wild conjectures were entertained respecting its origin. By the natives it was regarded with superstitious reverence, and they had strange scruples against having it disturbed.

Mr. Graham, however, determined at all hazards to satisfy his own curiosity regarding it. Having hired several blacks, he proceeded to the place, and commenced operations; digging vigorously for some time, their efforts were at length rewarded by finding at a depth of about twelve feet, a number of earthenware cups, and other utensils. Resuming their work, they afterwards discovered several immense jars of earthenware, which, on being opened, were found to contain a quantity of dust resembling ashes; musty bones, the remains of bows and arrows, and trinkets of various descriptions. These were all carefully treasured up by their fortunate discoverer, and sent by him to England as sacred mementoes of an Indian race that had once lived and flourished, but which has long since passed away and been forgotten!

In the afternoon, the magnificent island of Marajo was distinctly visible, and seen through a strong spy-glass which we had taken the precaution to bring with us, it seemed to realize all our brightest dreams and imaginary conceptions of a terrestrial paradise!

Towards evening we entered a small river, which, at its mouth, spread out like a lake, and was studded with numerous little islands of the most exquisite beauty.

We could not sufficiently admire the richness of the foliage, which drooped in gay festoons over the surface of the water, or the splendor of the flowers which grew amid the shrubbery along the shore. A gloomy forest mantled by the solemn flush of a brief tropical twilight, added sublimity to the imposing scene, and filled us with strange emotions of awe, mingled with feelings of indefinable delight. The same odoriferous fragrance we have remarked before now filled the air, and imparted an irresistible sweetness to the gentle breeze which was delicately fanning our cheeks.

Having sailed up the stream to the distance of three or four miles, we took in our sails and suddenly dropped anchor. A gloaming light overspread the beautiful landscape, and the evening birds were sweetly singing amid the thick branches the parting song of another day!

Soon the queen of night arose, and distributing her benign rays through the interstices of the clustering foliage, enveloped us in a wilderness of moonbeams! The narcotic state of the atmosphere, the low whispering of the breeze, the carolling of the birds, and the monotonous rippling of the stream, induced a desire for repose; so jumping into our hammocks with pleasing anticipations for the morrow, we bade "good night" to the world!

C H A P T E R X .

Reality contrasted with a Dream.—Trip in a Canoe to Jungcal.
—Alligators by the Way.—Appearance of Jungcal.—Our
Head-quarters.—Singular Encounter with a Bird.—Evening at
Jungcal.

A SUDDEN flood of light bursting upon us like a meteor, while we lay unconscious in our suspended hammocks, aroused us at length from our dreamy slumbers. In our dreams we had wandered back to home ; a dear friend had been carried to the silent tomb, and we were among the hopeless number of the bereaved ; the cold and snows of winter, too,—the leafless trees, the blighted plants, and the howling winds,—deepened the gloom of our spirits, and rendered us nigh broken-hearted. We awoke ; but how changed the scene ! The brightness of the sunlight almost dazzled our eyes—the most beautiful scenery surrounded us—the surface of the water shone like a highly-polished mirror, and on some neighboring sandbars, tall birds of splendid scarlet plumage were seeking diligently for their natural food, while small halcyons of exceeding beauty darted occasionally from their coverts, and flitted along unsuspectingly under the delightful shade of the tangled masses of shrubbery which overhung the stream ;

really it seemed as if our compact on earth had been dissolved, and we had been transported to another world, of far greater magnificence and beauty.

Shortly after breakfast the tide began to flow strongly up the stream, and we commenced stowing our luggage away in the small boat which was to convey us a few miles up the streamlet to Jungcal.

All our different articles being stowed in the boat, last of all, we ourselves got in also. A paddle was then given to each of us, at our solicitation, which we immediately began to use with extraordinary spirit, if not with equal dexterity. In front of us were two of the sailors, who used their paddles with astonishing quickness and skill, while Gaviono, who was comfortably seated in the stern, with an Indian pipe in his mouth, guided our little craft with remarkable accuracy through the various narrow passages and sudden windings of the stream.

The scenery was quite picturesque. Now, the banks would be covered with thick foliage overhanging the stream, while, a little further on, light groves of young palms drooped over the water on either side, through whose openings we caught occasional glimpses of the grassy meadows beyond.

Many were the small alligators that we saw basking along the shores, while, sometimes, the loud snort of a full-grown one, as he sank with a heavy splash beneath the surface, would strike abruptly upon our ears. These

animals are very abundant on Marajo, and while lying on the surface of the water, with their capacious heads alone exposed, their general appearance is somewhat similar to that of a floating log of wood. Although they move with great awkwardness while on land, and can make little progress except directly forward, yet, when disturbed in the water, their motions are marked by extreme rapidity. Their "coat of mail" covering is a complicated piece of mechanism, and is of sufficient solidity to repel even a musket ball.

Coming at length to an open part of the stream, Gaviono pointed out to us the leaf-thatched cottages of Jungcal. They were mere huts, being constructed by means of poles driven in the ground, the interstices of which were filled up with mud. The leafy roof constituted an effectual protection both against the severe rains of the island and the scorching rays of the noon-day sun.

The huts were located about forty rods or more from the bank of the stream; on one side they were bordered by a dense thicket of bamboos and trees of various kinds, while, in the opposite direction, the table-land stretched for many miles, dotted here and there with patches of verdure, and groves of waving palms. The view in front of the dwellings was cut off by a dark wilderness, which extended as far as the eye could reach along the opposite side of the stream.

Paddling our canoe up to a rude wharf, we disembarked, and were cordially welcomed by Senhor

Anzevedo, the chief superintendent of the place. Having ordered a couple of the natives to take charge of our baggage, we walked up with him to *his house*, if such by courtesy it may be called. It was made in precisely the same manner as the other habitations, but was larger and more commodious. A row of bamboo stakes was fastened in the ground within ten feet of the house, over which the leaf-matted roof of the cottage drooped, thus forming a Robinson-Crusoe-like veranda, which we afterwards found to afford a delightful shelter during the sultry hours of the day.

There were no chairs or sofas in Marajo—the innocent natives had never heard of such things; so, swinging our hammocks under the veranda, we lounged in them for a short time while holding a desultory conversation with Senhor Anzevedo, chiefly respecting the natural history of the island.

“What say you to a walk?” suddenly exclaimed J., starting up from his hammock, and looking out eagerly towards the forest, near whose borders some tall egrets were stalking quietly about. “I should like very much to bring down one of those fine fellows.”

“You may go and try your luck,” replied I, “but for my part I would prefer keeping as much as possible out of the sun, on account of a slight headache with which I am now troubled.”

“Very well,” said he, “I will go out alone and see what can be done. It will require some cunning,

methinks, to get within shot of those quick-sighted birds on the open campo, but at all events I'll give them a trial."

In a few moments he had equipped himself, and with gun in hand stealthily proceeded out towards the spot where his feathered victims were feeding. We watched his movements with considerable interest, as, with quiet steps and crouching attitude, he gradually approached his prospective prey. Finally, the birds evidently became alarmed, and were just about to take their flight, when J. suddenly halted, deliberately raised his gun, and fired. A white cloud of birds immediately rose into the air, but a gigantic crane, with a broken wing, was left behind. This bird, to my utter astonishment, instead of endeavoring to make his escape by running, as any stranger would of course suppose, turned about and began to pursue my friend. J. did not much like the looks of his feathered adversary, and probably thinking that in this case "discretion was the better part of valor," commenced running with amazing velocity towards the house. Convulsed with laughter at a spectacle which rivalled in ludicrousness anything I had ever before seen, I seized my gun, and having loaded it as speedily as possible, rushed out on the campo, with the laudable determination of saving my inestimable companion, if not from the jaws of a wild beast, at least from the prodigious bill of a feathered monster.

As soon as I had got within a proper distance, I fired,

and, lo and behold, kind reader (and I hope you will forgive my egotism), the wounded bird fell prostrate and dead upon the ground.

The population of Jungcal did not exceed fifty persons ; of this number about one half were blacks, the remainder half-breeds and Indians. Totally ignorant of all the arts and accomplishments of civilized life, they were alike sheltered from its many vicissitudes and sorrows. Indeed, they were as joyous and contented as if creation itself had stopped at the borders of their own luxuriant isle.

At sunset we regaled ourselves with a bowl of delicious "mingow." This is made by boiling tapioca in milk, and sweetening it with either molasses, honey, or sugar, as best suits one's taste and convenience. It was our principal and favorite dish on Marajo. The day had passed, and a most beautiful starlight evening succeeded. Swinging in our hammocks under the humble veranda of Anzevedo's palmetto-thatched cottage, we whiled away the hours in chatting with our friendly host—in curling wreaths of smoke from our long Indian pipes—in listening to the tinkling of rude guitars in the neighboring dwellings—and in feasting our eyes upon the unrivalled beauty of the scenery around us.

CHAPTER XI.

First Morning at Jungeal.—Account of the Toucans.—The Roseate Spoonbill.—Magnificence of the Forest.—The Palms. Brazil-nut.—Cocoa and Cannon-ball Trees.—Capture of an Onca, or Jaguar.—Howling Monkeys.—The “Preacher” Monkey.—Evening Dance.

FAIR rose the morning of the ensuing day, and gloriously bright were the varied tints that glowed along the bosom of the western horizon !

Near us the dense foliage of the forest glistened in the sunlight like an emerald drapery, hung with dazzling jewels. The dew-laden branches rustled in the gentle breeze, and the low gurgling of the streamlet broke like music upon our ears. Anon, the note of a distant toucan, or chattering of noisy parrots, suddenly disturbing the sublime solitude of the scene, served only to add to the intensity of its wildness and romantic interest. Insects innumerable sported with each other in the delicious atmosphere, and delicate little humming-birds flitted gaily from flower to flower. Away off on the green mantled campos, herds of wild cattle and horses were quietly grazing ; while now and then an immense flock

of ducks or scarlet ibises, would rise up in a body from the tall grass, and soar triumphantly into the azure sky.

Such was the picture which was presented to us on awakening for the first time from our delightful slumbers at Jungcal. A scene of more transcendent beauty we had never gazed on before; it even now blesses us in our midsummer dreams, and cheers us while treading with noiseless steps along the rugged pathway of human life.

We were quite lost in contemplation when our landlord, Senhor Anzevedo, intimated to us that breakfast was ready, hinting, moreover, that the sooner we commenced it *the warmer it would be*. The meal consisted of some fresh fish, a roasted duck, farina as usual, and coffee. While we were disposing of these articles (in a manner which would undoubtedly have surprised our refined reader), Anzevedo swung near us in his hammock, giving us an account of all he knew concerning the different strange birds and animals which inhabited the island. His description of the toucans and their habits particularly interested us. These birds are alike distinguished for the singularity of their forms and the splendor of their plumage, as well as the enormous and apparently disproportionate size of their beaks. On account of their natural timidity, and the solitude of their haunts, they have been until of late years but little known to naturalists.

The genus includes not less than twenty-five species,

of which the "white-breasted toucan" (*ramphastos Brasiliensis*) is the largest in size. This bird when full grown is about twenty-seven inches in length, from the tip of its beak to the extremity of its tail. Its bill alone is full nine inches long, and in the live specimen is of surpassing delicacy and elegance. This prodigious member is extremely thin and cellular, and is much lighter than its appearance would indicate. Being vascular, it is supposed to be of importance to the bird, in giving an extraordinary development to the organs of smell. This, however, is but mere conjecture. The plumage is of a shining black, while the feathers of the throat are of the finest texture and purest white. The bill itself is of vermilion and yellow, beautifully blended together ; but these splendid tints fade shortly after the death of the bird. No artificial means have as yet been devised for preserving them. This species is found abundantly at certain seasons of the year, on the island of Marajo, and is eagerly sought after by the natives, who prize its flesh for its tenderness and exquisite flavor.

The toucans subsist for the most part upon fruit, but when in a state of captivity they learn to eat flesh of all kinds. Their favorite food is the assahy berry, and their method of eating it is very remarkable. They first seize the fruit in the extremity of their beak, and by a sudden twitch throw it up several feet into the air ; as it falls they catch it, and swallow it entire, without the slightest attempt at mastication. They confine them-

selves mostly to lofty trees, and may be seen sitting on the topmost branches, with their beaks pointed directly towards the wind, thus by instinct overcoming a power which if exerted on their broadside, might considerably disturb their comfort and equanimity.

On account of the peculiar construction of their eyes, as well as the enormous size of their beaks, they are not able to discern objects well which are immediately before them, yet their vision on the side is remarkably acute. Unless the hunter is aware of this circumstance, he will find it almost impossible to get a shot at them.

They make their nests in the hollow of old trees, which are accessible by means of a small circular opening in front. The female lays but two eggs, on which she sits, and with her formidable beak protruding from the port-hole of her fortress, she is able effectually to repel all assailants, in the form of monkeys, serpents, or other reptiles, who may be disposed to invade her sacred premises.

Soon after we had made an end of our morning's meal, Senhor Anzevedo proposed a short ramble in the forest, to which J. and myself joyfully consented. In a few moments we were fully equipped, and with our guns resting on our shoulders, and our long knives by our sides, we started off in the direction of the wilderness.

While we were sauntering over the grassy table-land which lay between the cottages and the forest, a flock of scarlet ibises, snowy egrets, and roseate spoonbills, who

were concealed from view by a coppice of low bushes, suddenly flew up within a few rods before us. In an instant a shot from J. brought one of the spoonbills to the ground. This bird (*Platalea ajaja*) is considered by ornithologists one of the most valuable of the whole feathered race, not only on account of its extreme rarity, but also for the magnificence of its plumage, and the singularity of its formation. The general plumage of the adult spoonbill is of a light rose color, while the feathers of its wing-coverts are mantled with a beautiful crimson. The beak of the bird is from four to six inches in length, and its shape is very much like that of a spoon. It is from this fact that its generic name of Spoonbill is derived. It builds its nest in trees, and lives mostly upon fish and snails. In its habits it is solitary, and is seldom seen in company with more than a dozen of its own species. When caught while young, they may easily be domesticated, but they are not very interesting in captivity, and their flesh is tough and of a disagreeable flavor. Besides, like all other beautiful creatures upon whose creation nature has been particularly lavish of her skill, they soon droop and fade in confinement, and lose for ever those celestial dyes with which the God of Nature has favored them.

Walking on we soon reached the borders of the forest, which we skirted about a quarter of a mile, under the shade of the overhanging tree-tops, until finally we entered a narrow passage which led away like a natural gallery to our right.

Like all the forest pathways of Brazil, this was completely arched overhead by the meeting of the heavy branches, while the bright rays of the sun struggling through the diamond-like interstices of the clustering foliage, fell upon the ground in a luminous network of dancing gems.

"Was ever anything so transcendently beautiful?" exclaimed J., in a transport of delight; "it almost makes one fancy himself wandering about the gardens of the Hesperides! Truly, how inadequate an idea have our northern friends of the indescribable loveliness of the torrid zone! They would think themselves in paradise if suddenly transported hither!"

"You are right," replied I; "nothing I am sure could afford our friends greater pleasure than a glimpse of this charming island, everything is so dream-like and beautiful! Besides, how sweet and delicious is the climate,—how full of life and happiness everything appears; under proper jurisdiction and culture, methinks it might indeed be made a 'heaven on earth.'"

The conversation now turned on the trees and plants of the forest, on which subjects Senhor Anzevedo gave us not a little valuable and interesting information.

What a magnificent country Brazil must appear to the botanist! On every side thousands of singular plants and flowers are continually presented to his eye; and as he looks onward he is amazed at the boundless and

untrodden fields of scientific research that stretch out in endless luxuriance before him.

The family of palms alone presents an extensive subject for his investigation. Of this genus more than sixty distinct species are known to exist in the province of Para. It has been remarked by a distinguished botanist, that "The palms constitute the most interesting race in the whole vegetable kingdom, whether we consider the majestic aspect of their towering stems, crowned by a gigantic foliage—the character of grandeur which they impress upon the landscape of the countries they inhabit,—their immense value to mankind, as affording food, raiment, and numerous objects of economical importance,—or, finally, the prodigious development of these organs by which their race is propagated."

Says Mr. Kidder: "They grow in every altitude, from the deep valley to the mountain top. They inhabit every locality, from the ocean beach to the depths of the impenetrable forest. Not a few of them make glad the barren and solitary desert by their cheerful and beauteous aspect, while their size varies from the diameter of half an inch, to that of three and even five feet."

The Brazil nut tree (*Bertholletia excelsa*) may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most

majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural condition resembles a cocoa-nut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to capsize the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

The cocoa tree, from whose fruit chocolate is manufactured, is also a native of this province. The fruit is of a green color externally, and incloses a quantity of the cocoa nuts, which are covered by a white glutinous substance, of delectable sweetness to the taste.

The cannon-ball tree also (*Couroupita guianensis*) will not fail moreover to attract particular notice. This tree is remarkable, both for the size and splendor of its flowers, as well as the magnitude of its fruit. It sometimes reaches the height of fifty feet, and at certain seasons of the year is profusely covered with clusters of fragrant blossoms, of a beautiful crimson hue. Its fruit are enormous, and being perfectly round, look very much like cannon-balls. Says an enthusiastic French writer: "Beneath a pure and dazzling sky, gracefulness is ever united to the magnificence of nature; there the hidden

streams only reveal their presence in gentle murmurs, or by the silvery light that they cast upon the rocks, or the soft sound with which they trickle through the grass, or the increased verdure with which they endow the plants. But when the silence of nature is broken by these violent hurricanes, which too often, in the torrid zone, blast all the hopes of the cultivator, you may hear the report of the fruit of the cannon-ball tree, whose bursting produces an oft repeated echo, and resembles the rolling fire of a discharge of artillery."

On—on, we pressed, and deeper and deeper became the twilight of the forest. Gigantic were the trees which towered around us, and interlaced thickly by a multitude of creeping vines. Strange shrubs too, of singularly fantastic forms and prodigious dimensions, lifted up their heads on every side, while thousands of splendid flowers glittered like stars amid the foliage, imparting their intoxicating fragrance to the air.

"Near here," said Anzevedo, "a full-grown onca was killed by some of the natives, a few days since. He was a savage fellow, and gave his assailants considerable sport."

"Indeed," replied J., "I was not aware that these fierce animals were found on Marajo—pray are they abundant?"

"Yes," answered Anzevedo, "these oncas, or jaguars, as they are sometimes called, are quite numerous on the island, and are killed in great numbers by the natives, for

the sake of their handsomely marked skins, which meet with a ready sale in the city. When properly dressed they make very pretty and ornamental saddle-cloths.

"The animal I alluded to, was attacked while up in a tall tree, which fortunately was so far separated from the surrounding ones, that it would have been no easy matter for the animal to have escaped. Several of the natives boldly climbed up the trunk, and after a short period of hard fighting among the wide-spreading branches of the tree, they succeeded in vanquishing their infuriated enemy, by means of the long and sharp-pointed javelins with which they were provided. They then threw him down, and he was carried to Jungcal and skinned."

"But do not these animals sometimes attack the natives, while they are alone in the forest?" inquired J.

"No, I have never heard of a single instance," replied Anzevedo, "of their having made an unprovoked assault upon one of the human species, although they often make bloody onslaughts upon the cattle during their midnight wanderings. They are naturally very ferocious, and always make savage resistance when attacked by either man or beast. The natives have very little fear of them, and I have known instances of their having been captured and strangled to death, simply by throwing a lasso around their necks, and drawing the noose instantly as tight as possible."

We were now walking noiselessly along through a dark and narrow avenue of the forest, when suddenly, an

uproar, as awful as mortal ear ever listened to, burst like a tornado upon our ears. So loud and horrible was it, that for some moments we were unable to utter a syllable—so great was our astonishment!

“What is the meaning of this terrible uproar?” at last J. recovered sufficient self-possession to ejaculate.

“Nothing at all,” said Anzevedo, “except a pack of ‘guaribas,’ or howling monkeys, who have been startled from their slumbers by our approach. They are quite harmless, notwithstanding their huge size, demon-like aspect, and diabolical voices. We are frequently awakened at night by their unearthly yells, which, breaking upon the deep silence of midnight, are terrible beyond description. You will, doubtless, have an opportunity of hearing several of their nocturnal serenades, before you take your leave of Jungcal.”

“I certainly hope not,” responded J., “the concert we have just now had from them, is amply sufficient to satisfy my curiosity.”

The guaribas are of an exceedingly large size, and are covered with a shaggy coat of long black hair. To add to the intensity of their ugliness, their visages are supplied with whiskers of an enormous size, which give them truly a most frightful as well as formidable appearance!

The Preacher-monkey seems allied to this species. He is so called from the well authenticated fact, that he sometimes climbs up to the top of a lofty tree, and there

preaches after his manner, for the edification of his monkey congregation, who in hundreds surround the base of the tree! It is said that as soon as he has finished his part, the choir and audience who have been quietly listening to his eloquence from below, now burst simultaneously into a melodious chorus, which can only be likened to the roaring of mad bulls and the squealing of mad pigs combined! Order being again restored, the orator resumes his harangue!

Besides these sable howlers, there are several other species of monkeys found in Marajo, some of which, so far from being hideous, are on the contrary quite pleasing in their appearance.

Returning to Jungcal, we encountered and killed a strange looking animal in the woods, called a guano. A more ludicrous, and at the same time apparently ferocious object, was never seen. It was not far from three feet in length, and of a deep green color throughout. As soon as it beheld us, it neither ran nor made any noise, but stood gazing at us with great astonishment, raising the indented and saw-like crest on its back, and inflating the curious pouch under its chin to a prodigious extent. It was motionless with fear, and had it not been for its formidable appearance and gorgon-like countenance, we could not have had the heart to kill it.

The guanos are usually found in rocky places, and subsist principally upon vegetables and insects. The natives capture them with a lasso, and when thus caught,

they seldom make any effort to escape. When domesticated, as they sometimes are, they are very playful, and display much affection for their masters. Their flesh is white, and is considered very rich and nutritious.

On arriving at Jungcal we learned that a number of the natives had been out on the campo in quest of wild cattle, and that as the horsemen were fording a certain stream, an immense alligator had seized hold of one of the finest horses, and bit off two of its legs. The poor animal died shortly after, yet the natives spoke as unconcernedly about it as if such accidents were of daily occurrence.

During the afternoon we lolled in our hammocks, and entertained ourselves with reading and conversation. In the evening we witnessed an amusing dancing fandango, in which most of the natives and slaves participated. The affair took place upon the broad green sward fronting the cottages, and no artificial illumination could have equalled that which the effulgent queen of night then afforded !

CHAPTER XII.

Excursion down the Stream.—Novel mode of “raising Cattle.”
—The Kingfisher. — Singular Adventure with a Troop of
Monkeys.—Serious Conflict.—Parrots.—Conversation about
them.—Marvellous Stories.

OUR next excursion was down the streamlet, to the spot where the schooner was moored, and was undertaken principally for the purpose of witnessing a “novel mode of raising cattle.” At seven o’clock we got under weigh. The current was strong, and the tide had just begun to flow. Our canoe, therefore, glided down the stream with great velocity, while all our paddling skill was called in requisition, in order to keep the boat free of the numerous snags with which the stream was bountifully supplied.

Acting in the capacity of pilot, the writer was seated in the stern, provided with a paddle of huge dimensions. J. was snugly ensconced in the forward part of the canoe, and with his faithful gun in his hand, was looking eagerly ahead for the appearance of game.

During our brief voyage my companion shot a couple of bright humming-birds, and several small kingfishers of shining plumage. The latter were continually flitting

with meteor-like quickness, up and down the sudden turnings and windings of the streams, or sitting upon little dry twigs jutting out over the water, watching patiently to pounce upon any of the finny tribe who should be so unfortunate in their innocence as to swim below.

Of the kingfishers there are many species, some of which are but little larger than a good sized humming-bird, while the largest of the genus is above twelve inches in length. Their plumage in general is extremely fine; of a rich emerald hue, variegated in some species with purple, yellow, and white.

Among the ancients the kingfisher was an object of much respect and admiration. With the poets he was an especial favorite, doubtless because like love-lorn swains he lived amid the shadows of romantic groves, and was always found in the vicinity of rippling streams and murmuring cascades. By some it was superstitiously supposed that this bird exercised a controlling influence over the winds and waves—hence the origin of its antique name of “Halcyon,” and of those days of unusual stillness, which were poetically termed “Halcyon days.” On these days the kingfishers are particularly industrious, for the reason probably that the purity of the atmosphere and the slightrness of evaporation from the surface of the water, promise extraordinary success in their piscatory operations.

Arriving alongside of the schooner, Gaviono assisted

us on board, and manifested as much pleasure at seeing us again, as if we had been separated from each other for several months. Taking us into the cabin, he gave each of us a gourd-shell, filled with sweet beverage of a red color, which we found quite delicious. It was prepared from the berries of the assahy trees, so much esteemed by those bird-epicures, the toucans !

Soon after our arrival the operation of taking the cattle on board was commenced. They were all assembled together in a large pen, made on the margin of a precipitous bank, and completely surrounded by the forest. There they were ! about fifty of the infuriated animals, running frantically from one side of the inclosure to the other, seeking in vain for some avenue by which to escape, and bellowing all the time most furiously. The natives were stationed on the outside of the pen, engaged in forcing the cattle one by one into the water, by the aid of lassos and long poles. As soon as one of the animals had been driven over the bank into the water, the end of the lasso was thrown to those on board the schooner, who drew the animal gradually up alongside. A stronger noose was then thrown around his horns, and the lasso taken off. By means of a powerful pulley firmly secured aloft, and by the united strength of a dozen stalwart natives pulling at the end of the rope, the huge animal was then raised slowly up into the air, and let down gently into the hold of the vessel. The whole number were individually taken on board in this manner.

Much as we pitied the poor animals as they hung suspended in the air, their eyes horribly dilated and every muscle stretched to its utmost capacity, yet we could hardly refrain from laughing at this ridiculous mode of *raising them*.

At length we bade farewell to Gaviono and his swarthy crew (who were to set sail for the city on the following morning), and started off in our little craft to return to Jungcal. While gliding through a narrow passage of the stream, the banks of which were covered by a dark forest, we heard distinctly the chattering of monkeys among the trees.

"Do you hear that?" said J. "Monkeys, by heavens! I believe I'll go ashore and give those rascals a shot."

"Well, I think you had better do so," I replied; "and in the meantime I will remain to take charge of the boat until you return, unless my services should be needed."

Guiding the canoe into a small cove, my companion jumped quietly ashore, and with his gun in his right hand, walked silently into the woods. For a few moments a deep silence reigned over this beautiful solitude, unbroken scarcely by the note of a bird or the buzzing of an insect. Attentively I listened for the slightest sound, the faintest murmur, the merest chirp, anything to relieve the sense of profound and overpowering stillness, when suddenly two loud reports following each other in rapid succession, broke with startling violence upon my ear.

In a moment the woods were alive with the piercing cries of a thousand monkeys, and above the uproar I heard the shrill voice of my companion, calling upon me to come to his assistance. Securing the boat as quickly as possible, I seized my gun and rushed into the woods. I was soon alongside of J., who, to my infinite surprise, was entirely encompassed by hundreds of monkeys, while many others were rapidly coming down from the neighboring trees. Not at all intimidated, he was knocking the savage animals aside with the butt of his gun, while they were screaming and gnashing their teeth together at a terrible rate, and were evidently bent upon revenging the loss of several of their companions.

It would be utterly impossible for my humble pen to do justice to this exciting scene,—to paint the wild magnificence of the foliage which enveloped us,—the consternation of the writer, and the intrepidity of J. while in the midst of this ferocious gang of monkeys; to us at least, it was a spectacle never to be forgotten.

Firing both my barrels at the monkeys, where they were most thickly congregated, they dispersed and fled in all directions, nor did they think proper to make another attack. Picking up the dead from the field of battle, we returned with them to the canoe, and having resumed our seats, we were shortly in motion once more.

We had proceeded but a short distance when a flock of paroquets chattering boisterously, flew over our heads,

and alighted upon the branches of a luxuriant guava tree, which droopingly hung its branches over the water. Our bloodthirsty feelings being now well roused by our recent conflict, we meditated further destruction, and slowly and silently approached the tree where the parrots were noisily feeding. On account of the density of the foliage, and the green plumage of the birds, we were unable to see a single one, notwithstanding there were several hundreds in the tree. We therefore reserved our fire until we had arrived within a short distance of the spot, when we suddenly started up and gave a loud shout. Frightened by the sound, the birds flew out of the tree in a body, and immediately our four barrels were discharged into the very heart of the flock. The devastation was immense; at least a dozen dropt upon the shore, while full as many fell lifeless into the water. The birds were quite small, of a light-green plumage, with their shoulders tinged with a bright shade of yellow.

“This is one of the prettiest paroquets I ever saw,” said J., taking up one of the birds in his hands; “its plumage is so delicate, its shape so symmetrical, and besides I think I never saw a parrot with a more agreeable physiognomy.”

“It is exceedingly pretty,” I replied, “and very much resembles the one which Anzevedo has alive. Is it not astonishing how much he is attached to that little bird? He feeds it as regularly as he takes his own meals, and seems to delight in playing with it upon his finger. I have

no doubt that that bird engrosses more of his affection than any human being gifted with an immortal soul. Why is it? It must and can only be because he has good reason to distrust the latter; he knows that the love and gratitude of this little creature are sincere. The true friendship of our inferiors is far better and more desirable than the selfish and hypocritical concern of those who are far above us."

"A fig for your sentimentalism!" said J.; "don't you remember that famous parrot of Senhor P——'s, in the city? What a feathered prodigy he is! Why, I've heard him jabber off Portuguese by the hour, and converse much more fluently than either of us are able to do at this moment."

"Oh, yes, I remember the bird well; he is a very large specimen, and was brought down from the Rio Negro, I believe. I heard him repeat one day several verses of poetry, and was astonished beyond measure: he is a perfect ornithological miracle, and would make his fortune by visiting foreign parts. His voice is softer than that of any other I ever saw, and his laughter is as melodious as that of a young girl."

"I have heard marvellous accounts of the longevity of parrots," continued J. "One is mentioned by Le Vailant, the distinguished French naturalist, as having lived in a state of domesticity for nearly ninety years. When seen by this celebrated individual, it was in its dotage, having lost both its sight and memory. In its younger

days it had been remarkable for its loquacity, and was so obliging in its disposition as to call the servants, and fetch its master's slippers, whenever required."

"This was certainly a wonderful bird," I replied; "but far inferior in point of talent to one carried to England some years ago by one Colonel O'Kelly. This bird was not only a wonder, but a perfect miracle, and was sold to a certain nobleman for a hundred guineas. Improbable as it may seem, it is said that this bird was able to express his desires in an apparently rational manner, and also to sing a number of songs in excellent tune and time. It is further recorded, that if in whistling an air it accidentally passed over any note, it would soon return to the bar where the oversight occurred, and complete the tune with astonishing accuracy. Such birds, however, as this, *are extremely rare!*"

"You may well say they are rare," responded J., "but you will forgive my incredulity, I hope, when I say that I don't believe such an accomplished parrot ever existed. The bird might have been remarkable for his colloquial imitations, but the account of his musical powers is hugely exaggerated; besides, I don't believe a bird can be susceptible of a rational idea."

"You are perfectly at liberty to disbelieve what you will," I seriously answered, "respecting the mental capacity of birds; but I have heard much more extraordinary stories of their powers than that I have just mentioned to you, and based on good authority too. Gesner

gravely relates that two nightingales kept at Ratisbon spent whole nights in discoursing on politics ; and Pliny himself states that Germanicus and Drusus educated one so perfectly, that it delivered speeches both in Latin and Greek !”

“ Well,” responded J., with provoking coolness, “ I have heard some people speak of ‘ fish stories,’ and others (of ridiculous incredulity) of ‘ typee stories,’ but I, for my part, with more propriety, shall call every marvellous narration I may hear henceforth, ‘ a bird story !”

Our progress had been so slow, and our stoppings so frequent, that it was late in the afternoon when we reached Jungcal. Being quite fatigued with our day’s adventure, a snooze in our hammocks was exceedingly grateful. For a moment we feasted our eyes upon the enchanting scenery around, then closed them, and while a refreshing and fragrant breeze was fanning our cheeks, we wandered far, far away, into the beautiful land of dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

Superstition of the Islanders.—Romantic Story.—The “Belles” of Jungcal.—Evening Salutations.—Skirmish in the Water.—An Angling Adventure.—An unexpected Bath.—The Fish-ox.—Moschitoes and Chigoes.—A dential Operation.—Sickness of Teresa.—We cure her.—Our advance in popularity.—Last Night at Jungcal.

THE natives at Jungcal were egregiously superstitious, and firmly believed in the existence of ghosts, hobgoblins, evil spirits, and all the varieties of supernatural apparitions. Their legends and stories were of the wildest character, and at night, during the fine starlight evenings, they were accustomed to entertain us with their narration.

They told us of beauteous shades, who wandered by midnight through the groves of the island, and whose melodious voices, sweeter than the notes of the night-ingle, were frequently heard emanating from the darkness of the clustering foliage. They spoke also of spirits, whose phantom canoes were often seen gliding by night down the rippling streamlet.

There was one story which we heard repeated many

times, and always with the assurance that it was perfectly true. It was substantially as follows :—

On a pleasant afternoon, not more than ten years since, a young lad of about eight years of age, was observed frolicking by himself on the meadow before the cottages, and running up and down the margin of the stream. Little heed was taken at the time of his motions, but some two hours afterwards, when he was wanted, he was not to be found. It was now within half an hour of sunset, and as may be conjectured, a certain degree of uneasiness and anxiety began to be felt respecting the fate of the child ; and these apprehensions were quickened into alarm when the horsemen who went out into the campo in all directions to seek for him, returned without having discovered the slightest clue to his extraordinary disappearance.

The parents of the boy were wild with grief, and believed that their child had fallen into the stream, and had either been drowned or eaten up by alligators.

An awful stillness brooded over Jungcal on the evening of that day, unbroken by the merry laugh of the natives or the music of their rude guitars. The silence of the sepulchre could not have been more profound.

After a dreary and sleepless night, morning at length came as a solace to the hearts of the bereaved parents ; but what mortal pen can paint the intensity of joy which animated their bosoms, when they beheld their lost and lamented boy, whom they had wept for as dead, calmly

sleeping on the green sward before them, sheltered only by the azure canopy of heaven !

Overcome with delight, each in turn clasped the wanderer to their bosom, and then bore him in triumph to their own habitation. As soon as he had recovered his consciousness, he gazed wildly about him, as if just awakened from a wondrous dream. On being asked where he had been, he told a strange story of having been accosted, as he was walking along near the bank of the stream, by a party of beautiful women in a curious canoe, who carried him forcibly with them far away up the stream. They then conveyed him to a "little paradise" in the heart of the forest, where he was surrounded by hundreds of charming maidens, with long dark hair, which fell in dishevelled folds almost to the ground. The fairy damsels, he said, crowned him with garlands of flowers, offered him various kinds of sweetmeats, and nearly smothered him with their honeyed kisses and endearing caresses. At last, on his beseeching it, they brought him back to the very spot from which he had been taken. This marvellous account (which was undoubtedly a dream) was strictly believed by the simple-hearted natives, whose unsophisticated minds could not conceive any other satisfactory cause for his mysterious departure and absence.

Among our olive-complexioned neighbors were two young girls, whose fine forms and pretty faces especially elicited our admiration. The one was named Teresa, the

other Florana. The former could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and was rather short in stature, with exquisitely rounded arms, and a bust already of noble development; the latter was somewhat taller, and at least three years older; they had both, however, attained their full size. Animated as they were beautiful, they were always overflowing with vivacity and life; their conversation, which was incessant, was like the chirping of nightingales, and their laughter dulcet as murmuring streams. These then, beloved reader, were, during our stay at least, decidedly the belles of Jungcal.

At the close of every day we were visited by all the juveniles in the place, who, in their own sweet tongue, bade us "adieu," and at the same time besought our blessing, which latter request we only answered by patting them gently on the head.

The pretty maidens we have just alluded to, instead of shaking hands with us, were accustomed to salute us at eventide with a kiss on either cheek. The propriety of this we at first doubted, but the more we reflected upon the sweetness and innocence of the damsels, the more inclined were we to pardon them. It must be borne in mind, however, that this was a sacred custom of the place, which it would have been considered, to say the least, great rudeness in us to have resisted, and to tell the truth we were not at all so inclined. Therefore, kind reader, do not judge us too severely; for know, O

chary one ! that extreme bashfulness and modesty have always been considered two of our principal failings !

One day Teresa and Florana invited us to take a bathe with them in the stream. This we declined point-blank. They then charged us with fear of alligators. This was a poser : our *courage* was now called in question, and we were literally *forced* to submit. Pray what else could we have done under the circumstances ?

When they had once got us into the water the maidens took ample revenge upon us for the uncourteous manner with which we had at first treated their request. In less than ten minutes, we cried lustily for quarter, but no quarter would they give us, insomuch that we were somewhat apprehensive of being drowned by them, to say nothing of being devoured by bloodthirsty alligators.

Emerging from the water, we walked up to Anzevedo's cottage, revolving in our minds the severe ordeal through which we had just passed, and determining henceforth never to refuse any request, sweetened by the lips of a pretty damsel, unless, perchance, she should ask us for our heart ! which, alas ! we have not to give.

To variegate our amusements, we occasionally indulged in angling. My success, however, with the gun was seldom equalled by that of the rod. One afternoon, I remember, we repaired to an adjacent brook to procure a few delicate little fishes for supper. The spot was singularly beautiful. On either side of the stream was a semicircular area of ground, covered only by a mantle of

velvety grass, dotted here and there with flowering bushes. The surrounding trees were of a prodigious height, and, with their bending tops, formed a canopy of the most lively verdure. Their trunks were interlaced together by an infinity of running vines, and their loftiest branches richly decorated with parasitic flowers of every hue.

Could a more delightful place for piscatory purposes be desired ! Having baited our hooks, and made all other preparatory arrangements, we sat down on the bank, and quietly dropped our lines into the water. How little did I surmise the sequel of this fishing adventure !—how painfully mortifying the reminiscence ! for, instead of waiting patiently, like a Job-like disciple of Isaac Walton, I very inconsiderately, and very unintentionally, fell asleep ! Yes, indulgent reader ! when you think of the amphitheatre of natural loveliness which encircled us, the deep solitude of the woods, the narcotic blandness of the atmosphere, and the monotonous rippling of the streamlet, you cannot be much surprised at this extraordinary occurrence, for we ourselves would have pardoned even Argus under similar circumstances, should he have closed his hundred eyes and slept.

From my state of unconsciousness I was suddenly awakened by sliding off the bank into the stream. What a damper upon further proceedings ! Alligators I knew were abundant ; so I scrambled up the bank as expeditiously as possible, and soon after returning to Jungcal, I

comforted myself with the assurance that, although I had caught no fish, yet I had secured an excellent bath.

My companion was much more fortunate, having succeeded in capturing as handsome a string of fish as ever met the eye of a happy angler. They were of various sizes, odd shapes, and many colors ; some were of red and yellow, while others were mottled with tints of gold and purple, and their transparent scales glistened in the sunshine like plates of burnished metals.

The Brazilian streams have many strange inhabitants. Besides their numerous alligators, amphibious serpents, tapirs, and others, there is a monstrous kind of fish called the "peixe-boi" or fish-ox, which is as remarkable as any of the others. It is, perhaps, the largest of all fresh-water fish, measuring sometimes above seventeen feet in length. The general appearance of its head bears some resemblance to that of a calf. Its eyes are exceedingly small, and the orifices of its ears so fine that they can scarcely be discerned even by the most careful observer. The skin looks like india-rubber, and is so tough that it is almost invulnerable.

This curious animal derives its subsistence principally from a certain plant which grows in the water. It occasionally raises its head above the surface for the purpose of respiration, and it is at such times that it is captured. The Indians formerly made shields of its tenacious hide, and its flesh is considered an excellent substitute for beef.

Without question, the most serious drawback to our pleasures at Jungcal was the very great fecundity of pernicious insects which swarmed amid the moist shades of the forest, and flitted in the warm sunshine of the campos.

Besides being numerous, the mosquitoes were unusually mischievous, and moreover quite corpulent. Many fell victims to our wrath, but our wanton destruction of so many valuable lives served only to excite the others to revenge the loss of their companions. Detested gallinipers! Had it not been for them we might possibly have lost sight of our own mortality in contemplation of the Eden-like luxuries and delights which surrounded us.

We experienced, also, considerable annoyance from a small insect known as the "chigoe" or jigger. This insect is so extremely diminutive that it is seldom observed. Having pierced the flesh of a person, it deposits its eggs (which are contained in a little sac), and there leaves them to their natural development. The sac rapidly increases in size, until it becomes as large as a common pea, when it begins to occasion a sensible degree of pain. On first feeling this disagreeable sensation, the bag ought to be carefully extracted, otherwise a troublesome sore is apt to be produced.

We observed that the feet of the natives were sadly mangled, owing to their rough manner of cutting out these sacs. The feet are more subject to the attacks

of these insects than any other part of the body, and we noticed that in some instances the heels of the natives were almost entirely gone.

A dential operation which we saw one day performed, we can only think of with horror. The patient was a poor old slave, decrepit, and grey-headed. For some weeks past he had been a martyr to the agonies of the toothache, and had at last resolved to have the offensive grinder extracted : for this purpose he applied to a tall, brawny mulatto, who was something of a barber, dentist, and sailor combined.

Having mutilated his victim's gums in a barbarous manner with a rusty knife, he placed his miserable turnkey upon his tooth, and, with a savage wrench, succeeded in breaking off a portion of it, which he triumphantly exposed to the gaze of the sufferer. Again and again he placed his turnkey upon the tooth, each time breaking off another small piece. At last he gave up in despair, being unable to get out the deeply-embedded fangs. But never can I forget the agonizing look of that venerable slave during the whole operation, although no shrieks, or groans, or murmurs of disapprobation broke from his lips ; at the close, a half-suppressed sigh only fell upon our ears. For weeks afterwards his face was dreadfully swollen, and he was in far greater pain than he had been before.

One day the black-eyed and charming Teresa was taken ill of a fever. There were no doctors on the

island, and we were fearful lest our Indian favorite might be suddenly taken away to the spirit-land. Our grief was uncontrollable, and we languished and pined away in the bitterness of our heart!

Some of the natives were preparing a superstitious decoction of grated bones, deer's horns, and other strange ingredients, when we interfered, and besought the privilege of administering to the fever-smitten damsel ourselves. Our request was immediately granted, and forthwith Teresa became our patient. What medicines we gave her, or in what manner we treated her complaint, we will not fatigue the reader by relating. In the space of a week Teresa was so far recovered that she was able to walk out and enjoy the sweet breezes which blew freshly over the island at both morning and evening.

After this astonishing cure, as may be supposed, ourselves and medicines were in great repute. We had risen at least fifty per cent. in the opinion of the natives, who seemed to regard us somewhat in the light of a couple of necromancers or magicians. Our pills and other panaceas were sought after with such eagerness that our supply was soon exhausted. When this fact was made known, the decrease in the number of invalids was strikingly manifest.

Sad were we when we took our last supper at Jung-cal. Early on the morrow J. and myself were to separate for a brief season. An English naturalist, who

had been for some time engaged in collecting specimens at Cajueiro, in the interior of the island, had come down in his canoe for the purpose of escorting me thither. My companion was about to depart for the city, and weeks were to elapse before we should meet again.

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure for Cajueiro.—Character of my Companion.—Scenery of the Stream by Starlight.—A beautiful Arbor.—Anecdote of an Alligator.—Arrival at Cajueiro.

LONG before the sun had tinged with light the dew-drops of the forest we left Juncal, and were paddling by the pale light of the stars up the arborescent and intricate windings of the stream.

We were alone, and almost perfect strangers to each other. My companion was a young man, possessed of an ardent love for nature, who had left his native country a year or two previous, in order that he might make himself acquainted with the different birds and animals which inhabit the vast and luxuriant forests of Brazil.

He was of a poetical temperament, and was wont to look at everything with the eye of an enthusiast. He had, moreover, assiduously cultivated the finer sentiments with which nature had gifted him, and was well aware of the exquisite delights which spring from a refined fancy and well-regulated imagination. Any one of a reflecting disposition must perceive that nothing is so apt to pervert the judgment, reduce the standard of appreciation, and result in grovelling materialism, as a total

neglect in early life of these nobler faculties of the mind.

Our young Englishman was aware of this fact, and had educated himself accordingly. The result of such a course of intellectual training was palpably manifest in his character, which was rather of a romantic turn, and inclined to perceive beauty in all the works of nature, and to regard even the evils and sorrows of life as but passing clouds, which cast their dark shadows before, only that they may intensify the coming sunshine.

To a mind constituted like this, how beautiful does the world appear—how magnificent—how grand—how perfect! Objects are not viewed according to their proportionate size or value, but everything is regarded as inestimable, because it is the result of a consummate skill which defies imitation—the proof of an infinite wisdom too deep to be fathomed or comprehended by the utmost stretch of the human understanding.

Such was my companion, who was now journeying with me up the streamlet, towards Cajueiro, in the misty twilight of opening day!

Who could avoid being impressed with emotions of the solemn and sublime, at such a time and on such an occasion? Stillness equal to that of the sepulchre, brooded over the enchanting scene, abruptly broken at intervals by the hootings of owls or the voices of other nocturnal birds. Now the grassy table-land would

extend away for miles to our left, dotted here and there with solitary trees, shaking their branches mournfully, and looking like spectres in the solemn starlight. On the other side a gloomy yet splendid wilderness ran along the margin of the stream, flinging its tall shadows across the water, and adding grandeur to the witching landscape. As we advanced, the brook gradually narrowed, and became more and more crooked and serpentine in its course, until, finally, the thick clustering foliage met in a prolonged arch of verdure over our heads.

While winding through this natural labyrinth, the sun suddenly emerged from the golden East, and besprinkled us with a shower of luminous beams, which trembling through the interstices of the leaves, seemed like the spirits of so many diamonds ! A more divine spectacle of beauty never was beheld. The most gorgeous creations of the poet's imagination, if realized, could not surpass in magnificence this sun-lighted arbor, with its roses and flowers of varied hues, all set like stars in a canopy of green. Sprightly humming-birds flitted before us, sparkling like jewels for a moment, than vanishing away from our sight for ever. Butterflies with immense wings, and moths of gay and striking colors, flew also from flower to flower, seeming like fairy tenants of the lonely paradise around us. But the indefatigable mosquitoes, who were continually pouncing upon the unprotected flesh of our faces and hands, as well as the mailed cay-

mans, who now and then plunged under our canoe with a terrific snort, kept up a vivid conviction in our minds of our own mortality.

As we were moving through a wider passage of the stream, a sudden noise in the bushes on our left arrested our attention ; in a moment after we perceived a large animal running along the banks of the stream as expeditiously as he was able. We immediately raised our guns simultaneously to our shoulders, and fired. Although we evidently gave the creature their full contents, yet it was without producing any other visible effect than causing him to give a boisterous snort, and then dart away furiously in the heart of the thicket.

Becoming at length somewhat fatigued with our constant use of the paddles, we guided our canoe beneath the shelter of an overhanging tree, where we quietly partook of our morning meal.

Humble as this meal was, those who have never been placed under similar circumstances can have no idea how much we enjoyed it. In lieu of sparkling wine, we dipped up the pure water of the stream with our calabashes, and drank it with as much pleasure as if it had been the nectar of the gods.

"What an odd-looking bird that is !" I exclaimed, at the same time pointing out to my companion a queer kind of bird seated on a dry branch on the opposite side of the stream, apparently watching for fish.

"That," replied he, "is an 'imperial boat-bill,' a rare

and valuable bird. But let me shoot him first," said he, "and I will give you a further account of him *in an obituary*."

Having said this he took up his gun, and in a moment the bird was floating lifeless down the stream. Putting our canoe in motion, we soon overtook it, and picked it up from the water. Instantly the snort of a disappointed alligator, only a couple of rods from our canoe, told us of the risk we had run of losing our feathered prize.

"These alligators," said my companion, "are hungry fellows, and remarkably sharp-sighted. Not many weeks since, as I was taking a hunting trip one morning down the stream from Cajueiro, I shot a snow-white egret, which fell into the water within a few yards of my canoe. My dog, who was in the boat, plunged instantly into the stream, and began to swim with great rapidity towards the floating bird. I kept my eyes on him with intense anxiety, fearing lest he might be seen by some one of the ferocious monsters of the stream. My apprehensions were but too well founded. No sooner had the dog reached the bird than the wide jaws of an alligator appeared above the surface, and, with a suppressed but awful howl, the dog and bird sank to rise no more. For a moment the water around was crimsoned with blood, but the rapid current soon erased all traces of the catastrophe."

Thus we proceeded on, without meeting with any

further incidents of a surprising nature, although scenes of novelty and beauty were constantly presenting themselves to our delighted eyes. At last we perceived the thatched cottages of Cajueiro through the openings of the trees on our right.

Arriving at the wharf, we were met by several of the kind-hearted natives, who gave us a cordial welcome, and escorted us to the dwelling which was set apart for our occupation.

Having swung our hammocks and lighted our pipes, we sought relief from the fatigues of our journey, under the soothing influence of a noonday siesta.

CHAPTER XV.

Location of Cajueiro.—The Scenery.—Our Habitation.—Infested by Bats.—Conversation concerning these animals.—Injustice done them.—Adventure with a Bittern.—“Salted Ducks.”

THE dwellings at Cajueiro were located on a sandy knoll, commanding a fine view of the country in every direction. Away off to the right and in front, the grass-tufted table-land or prairie extended, undulating in the soft breeze like an ocean of verdure. Here and there were groups of wild cattle grazing at a distance, and numbers of untamed horses prancing buoyantly over the vast meadow, their dark manes flowing like pirate banners, and their long tails streaming gracefully in the wind. Opposite the stream on our left was a beautiful grove situated on a mound, somewhat higher than that which the cottages occupied. At a distance from this stood a solitary group of half a dozen palms, garnishing the margin of the stream, and waving their delicate branches to and fro, when not a breath seemed to agitate the air.

Our habitation was but a mere hut, and looked as

much like a common haystack as anything else. It had two apartments, or more properly cells, one of which was appropriated by my English companion, the other by myself.

We were comparatively little annoyed by insects at this place. Bats, however, were exceedingly numerous, and for a time were regular disturbers of my repose. Sometimes a dozen or more would amuse themselves for the greater part of the night in flying round my "chamber," chattering and squeaking in a peculiar manner, something like a bevy of cat-startled mice. "Were you ever bitten by these creatures?" I anxiously inquired of my companion, on a certain occasion when a large party of them were having a "noctes" in my apartment.

"No," said he, "I have never been bitten myself, but the natives here are often phlebotomized by them. The cattle too are frequently attacked, and I have sometimes seen them with their sides striped with blood, from the wounds inflicted by these merciless Sangrados."

"Strange stories abound in the journals of travellers concerning the blood-sucking propensity of these animals. Pray, did you ever hear a well authenticated case of a person's having been bled to death by them?"

"No," said he; "most of these accounts of the depredations of bats are not only exaggerated, but are in many cases entirely without foundation. As far as my own experience is worth anything, I never saw a person in all my wanderings who had sustained any serious injury

from their bites. I have no fear of them whatever, but on the contrary, look upon them generally as harmless animals."

"The ancients, you are aware, regarded the bats almost in the light of winged demons; they believed their bite to be fatal, and had many superstitious notions respecting their diabolical powers. The poets, also, from the time of Homer, have made use of them in heightening the effect of their supernatural relations, making them figure conspicuously with ghosts and evil spirits, in all their imaginary descriptions of the infernal regions."

"All you have said is very true," responded my fellow housekeeper; "and it is the association with such fabulous tales of the ancient poets, which has given to the modern bats more than half their horrors; poor creatures!—they never have had justice done them. Indeed, I do not think they are as much to be dreaded as the mosquitoes, notwithstanding that fearful, but absurd trope, of their inflicting a venomous bite, and then fanning the flesh of their unconscious victim with their wings, in order to lull him into a more profound repose while they are drawing from him his life's blood."

"This is a richly poetical figure," I exclaimed, "and I have no doubt has contributed not a little towards keeping alive the ill-founded prejudice which exists against these unfortunate animals. I perceive that they have been hugely misrepresented. Henceforth I volunteer myself as their champion, and am ready to espouse their

cause. Knight of the Bats! a goodly sounding title for the jousts, methinks."

"A capital idea," responded my companion with a laugh; "the bats will always look upon you as their benefactor. Champion of the Bats!—Ha! ha! ha! But, to speak seriously, it is not so very singular, after all, that the bats should have been made the victims of superstition. Their appearance certainly is decidedly against them. Nothing could be more demoniacal than their ugly countenances! Then what enormous ears they have,—what capacious mouths, and needle-pointed teeth. Besides their horrid aspect, their habits tend also to influence the superstition of the ignorant. They are never seen flying about in the broad daylight, but only in the gloaming, or when stars illumine the darkness of night. They dwell too in old ruins, or in the hollow of decayed trees; in fact, everything connected with them is of a character both to excite one's imagination and to increase his credulity."

On the following day I made a short trip down the streamlet. The sun shone brightly, and thousands of gay-colored birds were chattering loudly among the trees, as my light canoe moved swan-like down the rapid current. The width of the stream was here from six to twelve feet, and for more than a mile it was embowered like an extended arbor.

Having sailed for about a mile down the stream, I came to a low section of land, which was completely overflowed

by water. On one side was a noble grove, growing as it were in a lake, and entirely free from underbrush and creeping vines. On the other, the table land, with a few trees grouped along the margin of the stream, was all that was visible.

Casting my eyes in all directions, I perceived a singular-looking object, apparently drawn into as small a compass as possible, perched upon a huge log which was lying motionless in the water. Putting my gun up deliberately to my shoulder, the startled and slumbering echoes of this solitude shrieked out the death-knell of the bird. I saw at once that it was a species of bittern, as soon as he fell off the log and lay floundering about in the water. But how to get at him was a question yet to be decided. On account of the bushes and trees which ran along the bank of this side of the stream, it was evident that it would be impossible for me to force the canoe to the spot where the bird then lay. For a moment I was uncertain what course to pursue, but stood still, ruminating upon the possibility of being eaten by alligators, or struck senseless by electrical eels. At last my resolution was made, and I jumped into the water making a heavy splashing with my hands, in order to intimidate any caymans who might be prowling near. Seizing the bird, I made my way back to the boat with astonishing dispatch. Not five minutes had elapsed, before my eye fell upon a large alligator, swimming about in the vicinity of the fallen tree. I fired both barrels of

my gun at him, almost simultaneously, and with a terrific snort he vanished beneath the surface.

Returning to Cajueiro, I was met at the wharf by the Englishman, who had been delaying dinner nearly an hour in expectation of my return.

"I hope," said he, "you have a good appetite, for I intend to give you a feast of salted ducks for your repast."

"Salted ducks!" said I, in amazement; "really I was not aware that birds were ever salted. However, I have no doubt but I shall like them, indeed anything would be agreeable to my palate just now, for I'm as 'sharp set' as a cannibal."

So saying, we walked up to the house. A nice little table was set out under the veranda, teeming with a sumptuous variety of edibles, among which my eyes fell directly upon the platter of salted ducks, which was exhaling a cloud of savory smoke from the centre of the table. My first taste was sufficient to convince me that it was delicious, and eminently superior in flavor to anything I had hitherto eaten on the island.

"What put it in your head to salt these ducks?" I inquired of my companion; "without exaggeration they are the nicest things I have eaten in Brazil."

"Economy," said he, "gave me the first suggestion. During the prevalence of the dry season, the campos become dry and parched for want of rain, and the ducks are obliged to resort to the streams for food. So ex-

tremely warm is the water at this time, that it loosens the wing-feathers of the ducks and causes them to fall out. They are thus incapacitated for flight, and for weeks are necessitated to live entirely upon the land. The natives then hunt them with dogs, and sometimes capture several hundreds in the course of a day. Not being able to make use of one tenth part of the number brought in, we salt them down for the rainy season, when food is comparatively difficult to be procured. As beef is the only solid meat we have, these we find very nice as a change."

In addition to excellent beef and abundance of "salted ducks," we had plenty of fresh milk at Cajueiro, which is the more worthy of mention, from the fact that we had hardly seen it elsewhere. In the city, no one ever mixes milk with their coffee, and the little which is used for other purposes is derived mainly from goats. The manner in which it is procured deserves perhaps a moment's notice. The natives having driven a herd of wild cattle into one of the pens, a number of the calves are caught and firmly secured by ropes. The cattle are then permitted to leave the pen, but the mothers of the captives always remain behind, only leaving them to graze on the nearest grass. Returning with their pouches well filled with milk to feed their offspring, the natives take from them a portion of the snow-white fluid, leaving sufficient, however, for the maintenance of the calves.

C H A P T E R X V I .

Wild Horses.—Manner of breaking them.—Slaughter of a ferocious Bull.—Turkey Buzzards.—Death and Burial.—Funerals in the City.—An Evening Conversation.—Importance of studying Nature.

MANY wild horses are still caught at Cajueiro. One day a party of eight or ten of the natives, mounted on well disciplined steeds, and headed by the Englishman, went out on the campos for this purpose. Perched amid the branches of a tall tree, I had an extensive view of the grassy plain, and was able distinctly to observe all the movements of the equestrians.

The horsemen were riding rapidly in the direction of a small grove, when suddenly a troop of forty or fifty of the wild creatures emerged from behind it, and bounded away with astonishing velocity over the meadow. A spirited chase was now commenced, by the mounted natives, who strained their swift animals to their greatest capacity ; never did I witness a more intensely exciting spectacle than the one which was now before me. The manes and tails of the horses were flying wildly in the air, while a mass of hoofs were rising and falling with

a rapidity which showed how tightly strung were the muscles of the animals.

To my surprise the Englishman kept the lead, and was obviously gaining upon the quick-footed fugitives. Coming up with them, he seized his lasso, and began to swing it around his head, gradually enlarging the circles by permitting the smooth rope to slip gently through his fingers.

By a sudden motion, at the same instant plunging the spurs into his charger, in order to increase his speed if possible, he dashed quickly forward, and hurled his lasso with unerring skill around the neck of the foremost horse. The herd were now thrown into a panic, and wheeling around in their course, they were completely surrounded by their pursuers. Several were lassoed by the natives, and the remainder kept together by two or three of the horsemen, who were continually circling around them ; not one escaped, and ere an hour had elapsed, they were driven safely into one of the pens at Cajueiro, neighing loudly, and their mouths covered with creamy foam. The best horses being selected from the herd, and properly secured, the others were again turned at large.

The mode adopted by the natives of breaking them, cannot be styled by any other term than that of barbarous ; yet it is so efficacious that the poor animals are rendered perfectly docile and manageable in the course of two or three days.

One afternoon an opportunity was afforded me of wit-

nessing the operation. In the largest inclosure proudly stood one of the majestic animals, kicking up the earth with his hoofs, and shaking the heavy mane on his finely curved neck, while his bright eyes glanced fearfully around him, and his loud laughing voice ringing wildly in the quiet air, seemed to be calling on his far-off companions for relief.

The fiery creature was held by a strong halter of at least fifteen feet in length, manned by three of the muscular and bare-chested natives. Soon a noose was thrown around his neck by a couple of powerful blacks stationed on the opposite side of the inclosure. They then pulled with all their strength one way, while those who had hold of the halter exerted themselves vehemently in the contrary direction. The object evidently was to effect partial strangulation, in order that they might weaken and temporarily overcome the wonderful power of the spirited creature.

Violent were the plunges of the captive steed as he sought in vain, by superhuman exertions, to free himself from the grasp of his cruel tormentors, who stood like heartless demons around him. His terrific leaps only served to draw the cord tighter and tighter about his neck ; his breathing became more and more difficult, and might have been heard audibly at the distance of a furlong. His heart beat as if it would burst from his heaving bosom, and his veins stood out in ridges along his quivering flesh. At last, overwhelmed with the intensity

of his agony, and powerless from suffocation, he fell, and for an instant lay without sense or motion upon the ground. The noose was immediately loosed about his neck, and shortly returning consciousness began to light his glazed eyes—the fresh air swelled his nostrils, and his tremendous chest rose and fell like the billows of the sea. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he was once more on his feet, but how different from the magnificent animal who had stood, in his native pride and dignity, pawing that sandy soil an hour before ! Weak—hardly able to stand—his head drooping, and his eyes without a ray, he looked like a miserable spectre of his former self—like a monarch dragged from his throne, who has been scoffed at by those whom he had before despised, and forced to be a wretched and miserable slave !

The persecution of the horse was now by no means concluded. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from his exhaustion, he was mounted by a naked Indian, who was rewarded for his temerity by being thrown to a considerable distance over the head of the animal. The native, however, was but little hurt, and in a few moments again resumed his dangerous seat. This time he kept his place, notwithstanding the vast efforts of the animal to shake him off ; in fact, the horse and his rider, being of nearly the same color, brought vividly to my mind the remembrance of an ancient Centaur.

The animal was now held tightly by a long rope, and

forced to run round and round in a circle. Whenever he flagged, or manifested the slightest obstinacy, a native, with a heavily knotted cord swinging around his head, would give him a terrible blow on his flanks, the pain of which was almost sufficient to drive him to madness. Gradually he became more and more passive, and at the end of another hour was quite tractable. I then left the spot, and returned to the cottage, feeling nearly as sad in spirit as if I had been witnessing the racking of a human victim in one of the gloomy dungeons of the Inquisition.

Thus much for the horse, who, whether seen sharing the humble tent of the Arab, or toiling laboriously amid the noise and bustle of crowded cities, or gliding fearlessly over his native plains in all the nobility of freedom, is truly a splendid as well as useful animal, well deserving the goodwill and admiration of mankind.

The cattle belonging to the different estates on Marajo are distinguished by particular marks, which are branded on their sides with red-hot irons. Their ears are, besides, cut in a peculiar manner. Unmarked cattle are the lawful property of the first one who catches them, and are branded accordingly with the recognised stamp of the captor.

Scarcely a week passed by at Cajueiro without the slaughter of one or more oxen, as food for the natives. On a certain day, an Indian horseman rode in from the

campo, leading by the horns a ferocious bull which he had recently captured. The formidable animal, with his head bent down, pulled tightly on the lasso, apparently aware of the bloody doom which awaited him. Enraged beyond measure, he stood gazing at his antagonist, kicking up the sand with his feet, and at the same time roaring and bellowing in a manner indescribably awful and grand !

The bold horseman, not at all disturbed by the wild fury and menacing attitude of the bull, and perceiving that it would be some time before he would be able to bring the savage creature on his haunches, determined to make an end of him by a skilful *coup de main*. For this purpose he sprang suddenly from his horse and put his small red cap upon his head. No sooner was this seen by the maddened animal, than he rushed frantically towards his dauntless adversary, lowering his horns in order to gore him to death. On, on he came with awful vehemence, and I could not avoid putting my hand up unconsciously before my eyes, so intensely horrifying was the spectacle. When the beast was within a few feet of him, Pedro jumped a little on one side, and with a quick blow of his long knife, he nearly severed the fore legs of the bull, whose own dreadful impetus threw him headlong upon the ground. The cold steel of Pedro glittered once more in the air, and was then plunged with a strong arm into the capacious breast of the prostrate animal. In a moment after, it

flashed again in the sunlight, followed by a jet of crimson blood, which spouted out indignantly from the wound.

A dramatic scene now ensued. Two of the natives, acting in the capacity of butchers, almost immediately commenced skinning and quartering the enormous creature, before life itself was hardly extinct. A group, composed of all the Indians and blacks of the place, stood around, each one waiting anxiously to be served with his portion. In an incredibly short time, the flesh was entirely cut up and distributed among the islanders, and nothing was left of the fierce animal who had raved and roared and manifested such prodigious strength but a few moments previous, save a gory and grizzly carcase, smoking in the warm sunshine, and literally covered with a host of ravenous buzzards, who were busily picking off the small particles of meat which still adhered to the bones. These birds are remarkably numerous in Brazil, and are of great utility in devouring carrion of all kinds, thus preventing disease by preserving the purity of the atmosphere. They are seldom molested by the natives, and in the city it would be considered almost a crime to kill one. Thus we see the infinite wisdom of nature displayed in *all* her admirable creations, and perceive that no object is so odious but will become both pleasing and interesting, if we will but give it our study and attention.

The death of an old female slave occurred while the

writer was at Cajueiro, but this was an event which did not in the slightest degree impair the universal hilarity of the natives. The body was simply sewed up in a coarse cotton sheet, and then deposited in the ground with as little ceremony as if it was a case of *planting* instead of burial of the dead. No one exhibited any feeling on the occasion, although the deceased had been much esteemed during her lifetime. Even while filling up the grave, the natives indulged freely in boisterous conversation and jocund laughter.

The spot where the deceased was buried was one of incomparable beauty. Two or three palms stood near, drooping their branches low, as if in sadness. The brook stole almost imperceptibly through the thick shrubbery, with a low and mellow sound. The birds chirped cheerily in the adjacent grove—and insects fluttered in the air—but, alas! there was not a sigh to be heard, telling that the hand of death had invaded this terrestrial paradise, and that an immortal soul had gone away from its beautiful shades for ever—had taken its eternal flight to the unknown “spirit land.”

The public funerals in the cities contrast strangely with the humble burial scene just described. On these occasions, a splendid coffin, containing the body of the deceased, is supported on the shoulders of six or eight men, and in this manner carried to the church, followed by an extensive and brilliant procession of hypocritical mourners. The men are generally dressed in deep black,

and some of them carry blazing torches in their hands. On arriving at the church, the coffin is placed upon a pedestal profusely hung with a costly drapery of silk and crape. The dead body is then removed from the coffin, and buried beneath one of the large marble slabs of the floor, or placed in a catacomb, made in the massive walls of the edifice.

Mr. Kidder thus remarks :—"The coffin used in the ceremony is not interred with the corpse, being kept by the church or brotherhood for the purpose of renting on such occasions. When the bodies are placed in the catacombs, quick-lime is thrown upon them to hasten the process of decay ; and after the lapse of about twelve months, the cavity is opened, and the bones of the dead are taken out and cleaned. The friends of the deceased then cause the remains to be inclosed in a box, to remain at the church, or to be taken home at pleasure. These boxes are generally left in the church, the families preserving the key ; but an instance was mentioned to me, of a gentleman who kept the bones of his deceased wife in his own sleeping-room. The cases and boxes are of different sizes and shapes, but seldom have any resemblance to coffins. Some are large, like mausoleums ; others, with their ornamental exterior, resemble large dressing-cases. It is highly incongruous to witness, in such a place, the display of ornament ; and yet some of these mortuary boxes are adorned with drapery of gold and silver tissue, wrought upon satin and velvet, to please

the eye, and call forth the admiration of those who may visit the cloister."

The evening was clear and serene, and the stars glittered as brightly as if seen through a telescope. We were seated alone under the rude porch of our little cottage at Cajueiro, inhaling the soothing fumes of our well-filled "cachimbos," and gazing with admiration alternately at the world-studded infinity above, and the wild magnificence of luxuriant and varied scenery which surrounded us!

"How sublime is an evening in the tropics!" exclaimed my enthusiastic companion, "and how well calculated to refine the mind, and fill it with noble aspirations and sentiments! methinks the most corrupted mind on earth could not but be benefited by visiting so lovely a spot as this!"

"There is no denying," I replied, "the sovereign power which the consciousness of beauty exerts upon the mind. The appreciation of it seems to be the great prerogative which mind has over instinct; the brute is insensible to its divine influence, and can gaze upon the most exquisite objects, the most enchanting scenery, without a shadow of emotion. Do you not think that there are some men with but little more perception?"

"I know that there are many," he replied, "who manifest scarcely any sympathy with the beautiful works of nature; but it is because the faculty has been stifled by the pleasures of sense; it exists in every man,

and, like all mental perceptions, may be developed by proper culture !”

“ Do you not think it would be better if more attention was paid at our schools and academies in instructing young men in the natural sciences, and thus directing their minds to the contemplation of nature’s wonders ?”

“ I certainly do,” said he, “ and the sooner such studies are commenced, the more powerful and beneficial will be the impression which they will make upon the mind and character of the child. *Character* I say—for who ever saw a lover of nature who was a villain ? who ever heard of a naturalist who was not moreover a moral and good man. If Heaven ever blesses me with children, I shall commence early to point out to them, and to explain, as far as I am able, the manifold wonders and beauties which surround them. I would strive diligently to impress upon their growing minds the universal beauty and utility of all the works of nature, however useless and ordinary some of them may appear to their imperfect comprehensions. A man may not be able to read the Hebrew language, and therefore say in his ignorance, that because the written signs convey no meaning to him, they are of no particular value ; while another person may perceive in those unmeaning signs the world-moving thoughts of the inspired penmen.

“ If, then, it is of essential importance that we should be made acquainted with those signs by which we can

fathom the thoughts of the wisest of mankind, of how much greater importance is it that we should learn those marvellous signs which constitute the language of Nature, a language by which we can read the very thoughts of God !”

CHAPTER XVII.

Hunting Excursion.—Adventure with an Alligator.—Beautiful Grove.—Rookery of the Scarlet Ibises.—Departure from Cajueiro.

IN the morning we left our palmetto cottage, at least an hour before dawn, and embarked in a small canoe on a hunting excursion up the streamlet. By sunrise we were already several miles from the hamlet, and as far as our eyes could reach in every direction, the tufted prairie land extended, its monotony being only interrupted by occasional patches of palm trees, and the dense shrubbery and thickets which in some places shaded the banks of the stream. As we were proceeding cautiously along, and anxiously awaiting an opportunity to disturb the profound silence which reigned, our attention was suddenly directed to a number of Marreca ducks, whom we saw flying up and down within a few rods in advance of us. From our own experience, and the supposition of our Indian companions, we rightly conjectured that an immense flock of these birds were lying in ambush in the grass. Having arrived within a short distance of the spot where they were assembled, they took alarm, and rising from both sides of the stream like a cloud,

they almost obscured the light of the sun. We fired our pieces simultaneously at them, and after the smoke had cleared away, we picked up about thirty of the ducks which had fallen dead into the water, and among the rushes along the bank.

As we were passing through a widened part of the stream, we observed a prodigious alligator, nearly twenty feet in length, with his enormous gorgon-like head entirely out of the water. As we were fortunately provided with a rude harpoon, our Indian companions said that with our permission they would endeavor to capture and destroy this hideous monster. As we offered no objection, they immediately prepared to carry their bloody project into execution. One of the natives seized the harpoon with both his hands, and taking deliberate aim, he hurled the instrument with all his power into an uncovered part of the animal's neck or breast. The ferocious monster, smarting with the pain, dashed beneath the surface, and swimming off, dragged our little canoe after him with fearful rapidity. It was, indeed, an exciting moment; but our courageous companions, however, were by no means intimidated at the fury of the animal, assuring us that he would soon become exhausted through loss of blood. Having waited for full half an hour in the canoe, and becoming somewhat impatient, one of our men dispatched the dying alligator with an axe. Cutting off his head in the style of the illustrious "Jack the

Giant Killer," we secured it as a trophy and proceeded on our way.

The streamlet in its course intersected a handsome grove of shady palms, whose branches formed an umbrageous canopy above us. As there was no underbrush, we could not resist the temptation to go on shore, and take a short ramble among the trees; we did so, and found the grove well supplied with various kinds of fruits, principally oranges, bananas, and guavas! We observed several curious birds' nests suspended from the branches of the trees. These nests were some of them upwards of three feet in length, and were ingeniously constructed of twigs and vines interwoven together.

Wandering for a short distance beyond the precincts of the grove, I perceived a small bird with a bright crimson breast, sitting amid the branches of a flowering bush. I instantly raised my gun and fired, but alas for me, about one half of my charge passed into a large hornets' nest, which was concealed from view by the thickness of the leaves! For a moment I was vigorously beset by hundreds of the insects that I had so innocently and involuntarily disturbed! Believing that in this case "discretion was the better part of valor," I instantly took refuge in flight. The speed with which I dashed over the meadow was really a source of wonder to myself, and to my great satisfaction and delight, I soon left

my infuriated pursuers far behind me ! Having regained my companions, I told them of my adventure, who, however, instead of pitying my misfortune, indulged in immoderate laughter, though I was really convulsed with pain !

Having collected together a quantity of the delicious fruits of the grove, together with some rare plants, we put them in our boat, and once more "set sail." The temperature of the atmosphere was delightful, while a refreshing breeze from the ocean was fanning the tall grass of the campo.

Having proceeded for a mile further, our guides pointed out to us a dense thicket on the right bank, which they said was inhabited by the scarlet ibis. We shortly arrived at the desired spot, and securing our boat to a tree, we equipped ourselves and went ashore. I had never before encountered a thicket of so dense and impassable a nature.

The birds certainly displayed considerable foresight in selecting such a safely protected spot for their habitation, as it would be utterly impossible for any animal whatever to molest them in their well-chosen retreat. Nothing could be better adapted for their security against the inroads of their enemies than this vegetable fortress, barricaded as it was by innumerable bamboo canes, and several kinds of thorny cactus and Spanish bayonets, besides numbers of tall mangroves and palmettoes, all so intertwined and

matted together, that it was with the greatest possible difficulty that we were able to force our way through it, even with the assistance of our well-sharpened swords. In passing along, we several times tripped over tangled vines lying under our feet, and scratched our limbs quite seriously against the sharp thorns with which the bushes were amply provided!

In the interior of this almost impenetrable thicket was the citadel of the beautiful ibis; and here every bush and tree had on it from five to twenty nests. These nests were about a foot and a half in diameter, and were perfectly flat. They were composed of dry twigs and fibrous roots, twined together and covered with leaves. The ibises, being disturbed by our approach, rose up in immense numbers around us, and filled the air with their cries. Although naturally very timid, yet they cannot be forced away from their rookery, and at this time they continued flying in circles but a short distance over our heads. I have no doubt that this rookery alone included at least a thousand feathered inhabitants. The plumage of the full grown ibis is of the richest crimson, with the exception of the extremities of the primary wing feathers, which are tipped with bluish-black, and form a pleasing contrast with the general scarlet hue of the bird.

A more striking spectacle, particularly to an enthusiastic naturalist, than a large flock of these splendid

birds floating through the air, like a crimson cloud, cannot possibly be conceived !

The rookeries of the ibises are only tenanted during the dry season, the rainy months rendering them wholly unfit for occupation. Throughout this period the ibises wander about in small parties, resting during the night amid the thick foliage of the forest. They may be easily domesticated if taken while young, but in this state they are quite uninteresting in their habits, and are moreover entirely destitute of the bright scarlet plumage which characterizes them in their wild and natural condition.

During the breeding season the ibises are accustomed to make daily visits to the sea shore, for the purpose of procuring food. In these excursions they are governed altogether by the state of the tide, visiting the shores while it is falling, and returning again to their nesting-places as soon as it begins to flow. They fly together in flocks of several hundreds, and sometimes even thousands, and the regularity and beauty of their evolutions in the air are almost sufficient to convince the spectator that these birds must be subject to a perfect code of military discipline. Indeed, allowing that they are prompted thus to act through the force of instinct, does it seem any the less strange that such a large assemblage of birds should be prompted to do exactly the same thing at exactly the same time, without any mutual concurrence or intercourse the one with the other ?

The white ibis manifests considerable ingenuity in its capture of the craw-fish, one of its favorite articles of food. During the dry season this curious little animal burrows in the earth to the depth of three or four feet, and is, when thus concealed, quite inaccessible to its enemies. Now, what does the ibis do! Like a true philosopher, he does not murmur at the obstacles which stand in the way of his desires, but cunningly resorts to an effectual stratagem to secure his purpose. Walking up deliberately to the little sandy mound which the craw-fish throws up in digging its subterranean retreat, it entirely demolishes it, and causes a quantity of the dirt and sand to fall into the open cavity. The industrious little craw-fish, perceiving the ruin that has been occasioned, although ignorant of the cause, immediately rushes out to repair the injury, but no sooner does he make his appearance on the outside than he is seized by the wily bird, who immediately masticates and swallows him.

Returning to Cajueiro, we shot a fine specimen of the "wood ibis." This remarkable bird feeds chiefly on fish, young rails, and crabs, as well as small alligators, snakes, and turtles. Truly, reader, what an epicure must the "wood ibis" be!

Paddling swiftly on, we arrived at our humble cottage about an hour before sunset. Our game and other luggage was speedily conveyed within the house by our

companions, who proceeded without delay to prepare some of the birds for supper. This meal was served up at seven o'clock, and, together with good coffee, roast ducks, and "mingow," it was anything but a contemptible affair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Departure from Cajueiro.—Conversation on Melancholy.—A Song.—Parrots.—Ciganas.—The Cyracura.—Departure from Marajo and arrival at Para.

It was not many days after the hunting excursion related in the preceding chapter, that the writer of this humble narrative bade farewell to Cajueiro—for ever.

While making preparations to get off, several of the warm-hearted islanders came down to the brook side, bringing in their hands presents of various kinds, with which they loaded our canoe.

These consisted of about a dozen chickens, a number of loquacious parrots, several huge bunches of bananas, and a miscellaneous assortment of other fruit.

All things being nicely stowed away in the montaria, and my “adieu” having been rendered to each one of the natives separately, we shoved off from the shore, and were soon floating rapidly down the stream, assisted by both current and tide.

Casting a lingering gaze upon the beautiful spot where some of my happiest hours had flitted so swiftly

away, my sight rested upon the cottages, and took in the vast area of table-land, which stretched out like a lake dotted with islets, to the very borders of the horizon; my last glance fell upon the group of dusky islanders, who were still standing on the bank of the stream, watching attentively our canoe as it receded farther and farther from their view; my eyes closed involuntarily, perhaps to restrain a brewing storm of tears, and when they were again re-opened, the glorious scene upon which I had but a moment before gazed in all its native simplicity and beauty, could be seen no more! It had vanished, like the thought of a dream—never to return!

Instead of the open landscape I had just beheld nothing now could be seen but the canopy of dew-spangled leaves, which clustered in luxuriant profusion above us; it seemed as if we had suddenly entered a tunnel, leading to some enchanted region of fairy-land, so bright and beautiful did everything then appear; the birds chattered amid the shrubbery, and sometimes darted with meteor-like swiftness up and down the sylvan avenue; insects gleamed in the flickering rays of sunlight, which had struggled through the crevices of the overhanging foliage; each leaf seemed to be enriched with a hundred shining gems, while the arbor itself was decorated throughout its entire length with many thousand brilliant flowers. Such a scene as this was well calculated to refresh my sinking spirits, and to raise my

thoughts from the painful state of despondency into which they had fallen.

“You seem to be rather gloomy,” said my companion; “you could not give more emphatic assurance that your visit to Cajueiro has been a pleasant one. But you must not give way to melancholy! this is a disease of the imagination alone, and unless suppressed in its early stages, will occasion a vast deal of unnecessary misery through life. It never fails, when frequently indulged in, to undermine the physical health of its votaries, and, like a morbid cancer, to gnaw into their very souls.”

“Your advice is certainly very good,” I replied, “but do you think it would be possible for any one practically to carry it out; I, for my part, think not; we may in a measure restrain a disposition to melancholy, but there are times when all persons are more or less affected by it—sunshine may prevail for a time, but darkness and storms will sooner or later succeed. Sorrow and gloom, like dismal spectres, will occasionally penetrate all the barriers which philosophy may raise, haunting the happiness and poisoning the peace of the strongest and best regulated minds. But, in a word, allow me to inquire if you yourself are never troubled with sadness?”

“I will frankly admit,” answered the Englishman, “that I have not been entirely exempt from the mental disorder of which we have been speaking, but I think I can also add, with equal truth, that few men are less

affected with it than myself. My thoughts sometimes revert to the happy period of my childhood, when existence seemed like an opening dream, and the world itself a blissful paradise. I think of my own natural wildness and fondness to rove ! of the playmates of my boyhood, the companions of my youth—alas ! where are they now ? scattered far and wide over the face of the earth, or sleeping soundly in their fresh-made graves ! My kind parents, too, where are they ? Methinks I hear them sometimes whispering to me in my dreams, or see them among the stars of heaven, beckoning, as it were, to their wayward son to follow them ; astonished, I awake from the dream and find a solitary tear trembling on my eyelid ! When such thoughts as these force themselves upon me, for a few moments I experience a pang of grief, but on such occasions I always rouse myself to my utmost, and generally succeed in expelling the unwelcome intruders from my mind. We should not be too extravagant in our expectations of future pleasure, else we shall be subject to continual disappointments ; neither should we regret too much that which is irrevocably past, for by so doing we not only throw away our time, but we render ourselves miserable for the sake of a *phantom*, and insensible to all the pleasures of the present, which, under other circumstances, might have afforded us peace and happiness. Truly, how often do men relinquish the substance in order to grasp a shadow !”

“Well, my dear fellow,” said I, “let us talk no longer about shadows; the sun is so intolerably hot, that my metaphysical thoughts and sentiments have evaporated altogether, and I sincerely hope (for the sake of the reader) that yours have also.”

“They have, I assure you,” retorted the Englishman, putting on a jolly expression; “let me light your pipe, and you can make an end of your sadness—in smoke! As for myself, I promise to be as lively as a lark during the remainder of our voyage. Listen, and I’ll give you a song.”

“Really,” said I, as soon as he had concluded, “you have more of the nightingale in you than I supposed,—that chorus was delightful! It sounded more like the music of a full choir, than of two persons, so intense was the stillness of Nature when you began, but you have aroused all the birds of the forest from their noonday slumbers, and now the woods are alive again with their strange notes and uproarious chattering. They seem to be calling upon you for an *encore*!”

“And they shall have it,” said he; and once more he joined his voice with that of Pedro, and again the same wild and thrilling strain swelled upon the air, calling loudly upon the echoes of the forest for a response. But they answered not! The song had hardly ceased, before a large flock of noisy parrots alighted on the top of a tree, not far from our canoe, for the purpose of regaling themselves upon its fruit; instantly a report from my gun,

which Pedro had caught hastily up, brought down four of the feathered chatterers into the water. They were splendid birds, with rich green wings, and a spot of glowing crimson on their backs. Soon after this incident, we shot two odd-looking birds, called by the natives Ciganas, who were making a strange and vociferous screaming in the dense thicket of canes and low bushes on our left. They were about the size of champion fighting cocks, of a reddish brown color, with a singular crest of long feathers on their head, which they could erect or depress at pleasure. A perfect specimen of the Great South American Rail also fell into our hands,—my quick-eyed companion caught a glimpse of him, as he was feeding in apparent security, beneath the sheltering roots of a spreading mangrove. In a moment he was *a corpse*. This bird is an especial favorite with the natives, and is not only esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh, which we considered fully equal to that of any other bird we tasted in Brazil, but also for its social qualities, as well as its cheerful voice. It seems to unite the virtues of the Robin with those of Chanticleer! Before the break of day, and in the gloaming of eve, we were accustomed to hear its merry voice, chanting in loud, yet mellowed tones, the word “Cy-ra-cu-ra,” which the Indians have adopted as the name of the bird. To listen, in the quiet of early evening, to the notes of this bird was to me a source of inexpressible delight; when we heard them for the first time we were at a loss to determine whether the myste-

rious sounds came from man, or bird, or beast. We could scarcely credit the fact, that this tremendous yet musical uproar emanated from the throat of a single bird. It seemed to our ears as if the whole forest was vocal with the strange melody of a thousand unknown birds.

Nearing Jungcal, most of the natives and slaves on the place, came down to the water's edge to welcome us. Having secured our montaria, we were conducted up to the house of Anzevedo, where the hospitable Senhor soon caused a substantial meal to be provided for us.

"I have a pair of tame Marreca ducks for you," said he, "to add to your live stock, which for my sake you will take care of *while living*, and preserve when dead, as mementos of Jungcal. They have lived with me for many months: I have fed them daily with my own hands, and have become quite attached to them, but I freely give them up to you, and am sorry that I have nothing better to offer."

"Your gift is as acceptable," I answered, "as if it had been that of a kingdom. You give me that which you love, the absence of which (however trivial to others) will occasion *you* a certain degree of sorrow—could the richest monarch do more? We can only judge of the value of a gift by the sacrifice which it occasions the donor, and a single lock of hair from those we love is dearer to us than the crowns and diadems of princes!"

At 5 o'clock P. M., I bade adieu to my friend the

Englishman, and shook hands for the last time with Anzevedo, as well as with each of the happy, though unsophisticated islanders. Teresa and Florence were more affectionate, inasmuch as they each of them favored me with a parting kiss !

It was evening when our schooner parted from its picturesque moorings, and noiselessly floated down the stream, by the magic light of ten thousand stars. Overpowered with fatigue, I finally threw myself into my hammock, and soon sank into a delicious repose. When morning came not a trace of land was to be seen ; a wide waste of untroubled waters was before and around us ! * * * Our voyage was a pleasant one, and, on the evening of the fifth day, our vessel was once more riding snugly at anchor in the commodious harbor of Para.

CHAPTER XIX .

A Night-Scene in the Harbor of Para.—J. again.—A new Acquaintance—Present of a Boa Constrictor.—A Walk to Mr. Campbell's Roscenia.—Travellers' Tales.—A Fourth of July Dinner.

THE schooner was moored about forty rods from the shore, and at this distance the appearance of the city was truly romantic and beautiful. The moon had not yet risen, but myriads of lustrous stars were beaming upon the enchanting scenery which surrounded us. The little islands, too, which dotted here and there the lake-like expanse of the river, loomed up in the distance like the palaces of sylvan deities, while the gloomy forest which stood in all its solemn magnificence along the Amazonian banks, seemed like a gigantic and impenetrable wall of strange and never-fading verdure.

It was late, and the spirit of silence brooded over the slumbering city! The only sounds which came to our ears were the occasional harsh cries of wild animals—the washing of the tide upon the beach, and the doleful notes of nocturnal birds. So captivating was the scene, that for hours after my arrival I thought not of repose, but paced up and down the deck like an unladen ghost;

until at last nature becoming exhausted, I consigned myself to my hammock, to dream of the pleasures I had already experienced, and of the kind friends I expected to meet on the morrow.

Soon after sunrise Gaviono had my luggage all placed in the montaria, and accompanied me himself not only to the shore, but even to Mr. Campbell's house. As soon as I had shaken hands with Mr. Campbell, who received me with the kindness of a father, my first inquiries were concerning my beloved companion, "J." who, the reader will remember, separated from me at Jungcal.

"You will find him in his room, I think," said Mr. Campbell. "He did not retire until very late last night, and I hardly think he has yet risen. We spent the evening together in playing cribbage."

At this moment J. issued from his apartment, and we threw ourselves cordially into each other's arms. "My dear fellow," asked I, "pray where have you been since I last saw you?"

"My head-quarters," replied he, "have been at Nazere, but a considerable portion of my time has been spent in the city. Last week I revisited Caripe. The recollection, however, of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, who were drowned there so recently, rendered the place more solitary and lonely than ever, and clouded the enjoyment which I otherwise might have experienced."

"I spent a day moreover at the Una," said J., "and returned the following morning. I went thither to

attend a kind of jubilee or festival, and we had a very jovial scene. The evening was devoted to music, dancing, and feasting, and that, too, in the beautifully laid-out grounds of the garden. I wished heartily that you had been with me, for I know that you would have enjoyed yourself exceedingly. I was at Tããu for full three days ; this is an estate, you are aware, belonging to Archibald Campbell, Esq. It is situated on a high bank, and is decidedly the most charming spot I have yet seen in Brazil. I killed several fine toucans there, and some other rare as well as handsome birds. The natives procured for me quite a number of curiosities, among which was a large sloth, two or three kinds of armadilloes, together with a miscellaneous assortment of insects and reptiles, all of which I preserved and brought with me to the city."

"You certainly have been making the most of your time," I replied ; "but have you decided where we are to go next?"

"By all means," said J., "providing you are willing and in readiness. We will go to Mr. Upton's rice-mills at Maguary, without delay—say the day after to-morrow."

"The very place!" I exclaimed with delight. "We will depart on the morning of the fifth. Do the Americans purpose making any manifestation to-morrow, the glorious anniversary of our independence?"

"They have made preparations for having a grand

national dinner, to which we are both invited," said he. "It will, doubtless, be a very interesting affair, and there will probably be as many Englishmen present as Americans."

"And as many toasts, I suppose, given in honor of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and the worthies of England, as in favor of Washington and the heroes of the revolution. Nothing shall prevent me from attending. Will you be present?" I inquired of Mr. Campbell.

"I do not think that I shall be able to attend," said he; "but if I do not, Peter the Dutchman shall go as my substitute. He well deserves that privilege, for the old fellow fought bravely for the honor of the United States on board the 'Constitution,' during her engagement with the 'Guerrière.' Although he has a Dutch stomach, yet his heart is truly American."

During the continuation of the foregoing conversation an important visitor arrived: it was Captain Hayden, commander of the port of Para, and, for the time being, second only in rank to the established governor of the province. He had, at the moment we have introduced him to the reader, just concluded his morning's promenade, and had stopped at Campbell's, as he was wont to do often, for the purpose of breakfasting with him. A nobler specimen of a man, as regards symmetry of form and dignity of aspect, could not easily be found. He was above six feet in height, with extremely broad shoulders

and a wonderful capacious chest, which displayed out to advantage his richly-worked military waistcoat, the left side of which was superbly decorated with two golden stars, pendent from gay ribbons and glittering with the richest gems. Within a few minutes after his reception, on invitation of Mr. Campbell, he doffed his cumbrous military coat, and put on in its stead a light cotton jacket or blouse, which was furnished him by his kind and accommodating host. A slave now announced to us that breakfast was ready, so we lost no time in taking our seats at the table. In five minutes we were each supplied with a steaming cup of tea—coffee, it will be borne in mind, being only served at sunrise and immediately after dinner.

“Young men,” said the Captain, addressing us in the blindest manner possible, while a smile of ineffable goodness lighted up his benignant countenance, “it gives me great pleasure to have met you. Suffice it for me to say, that as you are the friends of Mr. Campbell, from this time henceforth *you are my friends*, and if I can do you any service whatever, it shall be cheerfully performed. By the way, I have a rare curiosity for you out at the Roscena, which you are at perfect liberty to take away whenever you please. It is a young boa-constrictor, about fifteen feet in length, handsomely marked and very lively. I have kept him confined in a barrel for some weeks past, but he has two or three times escaped from his prison, and we have on such occasions had not a little

difficulty in capturing him again. I should be pleased to have you walk out with me this morning and pay your compliments to his snakeship. He would, doubtless, be glad to see his new masters."

"Many thanks for the boa," replied J.; "you could not have made us a more acceptable present. For myself, I should like very much to go out and see him. What say you, Jack?"

"Nothing would please me more," I answered.

"Then, my boys," said the warm-hearted captain, "we had better set out before the sun gets much higher: otherwise, unless you are perfect salamanders, you will be pretty thoroughly baked before we reach the Roscenia. It will be well for you to carry your guns along, as it is not improbable that we may meet with game of some kind on the route."

"Thank you for the hint," exclaimed J.; "and if you will excuse us for a few moments, while we retire to our room, we will accoutre ourselves immediately for the excursion."

Returning shortly, we presented quite a hostile appearance, with our long hunting-boots, white pantaloons, loose blouses, and broad-brimmed Panama hats. On our left sides were suspended our fringed game-pouches, while with one hand we carried our faithful guns, and in the other our trusty *tracados*. Thus equipped we started with the Captain for the Roscenia.

The morning was unusually pleasant, and the temper-

ature of the atmosphere not uncomfortable. A light breeze was blowing from the forest, freighted with the aroma of flowers, while the air itself was so transparent, that it seemed to offer no barrier whatever to our vision.

The life and vivacity of the mottled crowd with which the streets were thronged, formed a striking contrast to the prevailing stillness and native solitude of Marajo. Fruit-women were marching about with huge trays on their heads, covered with a tempting variety of tropical fruits ; parties of negroes were sauntering through the street, engaged in transporting burdens of different kinds ; officers and soldiers on guard were strolling indolently up and down ; while hosts of juveniles of both sexes, were playing with each other as merrily as so many unsophisticated doves !

“If I am not too bold,” inquired J. of the Captain, “pardon me for saying that I think you cannot be a Brazilian by birth. Are you not an Englishman ?”

“I certainly am neither a native Brazilian nor of Brazilian parentage,” replied the Captain good-humoredly ; “but for nearly twenty-five years have I been in the service of this country, and am, therefore, by this time pretty well acclimated. In reality, I am a son of Erin, and love my country well ; but circumstances, and not choice, have controlled my destiny, and forced me to seek my fortune in this foreign land. In early life I served as a midshipman in the English navy ; some years afterwards I married a lady of rank at Rio de Janeiro.”

"And is she living now?" asked J.

"Oh, yes, she is still alive, thank God!" said the Captain, "and resides at Rio de Janeiro. I have a small yet delightful estate just in the outskirts of the town, and which I consider *my home*. True, my situation of post-captain keeps me absent from it for a great portion of the year, yet it is none the less dear to me; for where a man's heart and affections are centred, there, oh, there, for ever is his home!"

Engaged in conversation we at length arrived at Mr. Campbell's Roscenia.

Its situation was very convenient as well as retired. The house, although rather smaller than the one we occupied at Nazere, was, nevertheless, quite comfortable, and exceedingly well adapted for a bachelor's hall. It had a cheerful little veranda, and, like most Brazilian mansions, was roofed with earthenware tiles. A slave opened the door, and we entered into the Captain's principal apartment. It was strewn with books, musical instruments, and military accoutrements, and was well supplied with chairs and other articles of furniture, which had evidently been brought from his vessel. The Captain's steward soon placed before us a tempting collation of rare fruit, cake, and sparkling wine. Having regaled ourselves to our satisfaction, Captain Hayden presented us with some superior cigars, which we straightway ignited, and then proceeded to take a rambling stroll through the garden.

“Where is the boa of which you spoke to us?” I asked.

“I will show him to you presently,” said the Captain : “he is confined in that large barrel under the veranda. So come with me, and we will take a look at his lordship.”

Approaching the barrel, we perceived that its cover was supplied with a kind of trap-door, made of netted wire. Looking through this, as the light shone upon it, we had an excellent view of the slumbering serpent, coiled up in prodigious folds, pile upon pile, until he almost reached the top of the cask. The Captain gave the barrel a hard kick with his foot, which roused the drowsy animal from its death-like stupor, when opening his capacious mouth, and thrusting out his forked tongue, he hissed so loudly, that the infernal sound might have been heard by a listening ear at the extremest part of the garden. Breaking upon the silence of a lonely forest, how intensely fearful must it be !

“To what length do these boas sometimes attain ?” inquired J.

“That I cannot exactly say,” responded the Captain ; “stories are often told by travellers of their reaching the length of forty, fifty, and even sixty feet, but long as I have lived in Brazil, I have never seen one more than twenty, and never heard a well authenticated account of one that was above thirty feet in length. Travellers often indulge in monstrous stories, sometimes bordering upon

Gulliverism or Munchausenism. In reading the narratives of unknown adventurers, especially of the young and inexperienced, I always make the necessary *discount*. In this age, truth seems to be depreciating, and he to get the greatest credit who perpetrates the most ingenious fibs."

"I believe you are not far from the right," said J.; "but men sometimes are guilty of most preposterous exaggerations, when they themselves think they are adhering strictly to the truth. Men sometimes deceive themselves as egregiously as they do others. A sea-faring friend of mine, in whom I place sincere confidence, told me that on one occasion, while he was walking in the woods of Guiana, he came across the body of an enormous snake, who had unintentionally committed suicide by swallowing a deer, the horns of which had stuck in his throat, thereby choking him to death. He stated, moreover, that at another time, with the assistance of his crew, he succeeded in killing a snake in the forest, which he should judge must have been between seventy and eighty feet in length! I immediately began to suspect that his optics were of a deceptive nature, therefore said I to him, 'Captain, how far do you think it is from the place where you now stand to yonder tree?' pointing a certain one out to him. 'About the length of my snake,' I should think, said he. We measured the distance, and found it to be, not eighty, but only *thirty feet*! The captain was nonplussed, and, as you may suppose, my risibilities were considerably excited."

In the further part of the garden we observed a kind of open shed, beneath which were a number of slaves engaged in making farina. The fruit trees of the Roscencia were various, but the most conspicuous were those laden with oranges, mangoes, and alligator pears. There were a few cocoa-nut trees, too, and plants and flowers of a hundred kinds. From the topmost branches of one of the loftiest trees on the place, hung an extraordinary species of vine, which appeared to derive its nourishment from the air alone. At our desire, one of the young negro-lads climbed up into the tree and cut it off about midway to the top. The portion we thus secured was nearly fifty feet in length. In pliability and toughness it was not at all inferior to rope, as a substitute for which it is universally used by the natives.

We saw several bright birds which were flying about among the fruit trees of the Roscencia. Among the rarest, were a pair of blue and yellow creepers, a couple of ruby-throated humming-birds, and a single azure-winged and purple-throated chatterer. Besides these, we collected a number of butterflies, moths, and beetles, some of which were of astonishing size, and of remarkable beauty.

“The Captain is a wonderfully clever fellow,” said J., soon after leaving the Roscencia. “Verily, I am pleased to have made his acquaintance. That boa he presented us with is a right valuable prize, and will make rather an unusual companion for us on our return voyage to the

United States. What a sensation his advent will create in the pleasant little city of Troy, if he should be so fortunate as ever to get there ! What an excitement there will be among the juveniles to see him ! What flutterings among the beautiful damsels whenever his lordship is mentioned ; what grave speculations among *the philosophers of the Lyceum !* and what solicitations for his skin by the proprietors of the different museums ! Oh ! most amiable of boas, are you aware of the distinction that is before thee !”

“Upon my word, J., I agree with you, that we have secured a treasure in that gigantic snake ! He is not only enormous, but, in my humble estimation, positively handsome, and this opinion I will maintain in defiance of all adversaries. How rich are the tints of his skin ! and who shall say that those large leopard-like spots with which he is mottled are not really beautiful ! Then what a smooth and sharp-pointed head ! what white and shining teeth, and what a long and arrow-like tongue ! But oh ! that horrible, soul-penetrating hiss, it rings in my ears at this moment, and if not soon banished from my mind, will surely haunt me in my dreams ! But why should it give rise to fear, when we know that fear is but the result in a great measure of association. The falsely educated become nervously and unnaturally timid : to such, the gloaming of eve is fraught with images of terror ; and shrouded by the dusky twilight, every waving tree becomes an apparition, and every snow-white sheet—

a ghost! But how different is the case with those whose imaginations have been properly curbed and restrained in early youth. How brave, how bold, how lion-hearted are they! These are the men who dread no evil by day, or think not of horrors by night; these are the men who can look with a just appreciation upon the mysterious works of their infinite Creator, without that recoil upon themselves which the fearful experience; and again, these are the men, too, who are seen in the foremost ranks of battle, animating their followers by their courageous example, and who, like ‘Captain Lawton of the *Spy*,’ when encompassed by enemies, fall heroically in the defence of their country, with their sabres wheeling round their heads, and their last words re-echoing his heroic, yet proud defiance—‘Come on!’ Beauty, likewise, depends greatly upon association. There is beauty in everything, although all have not the power of discerning it. With what ecstasy will a mineralogist gaze upon an apparently coarse and common stone! With what ardor will a botanist feast his eyes upon an unknown plant, however insignificant to the ignorant it may appear! and with what delight will a conchologist chirp over the smallest and darkest shell, if it is one which he has never seen before! Do not these men see beauty where others see it not? If so, the conclusion is unavoidable, that if persons were able to appreciate, everything would be *beautiful*, and this dreamy world, as some unfortunate misanthropes term it, would be a

paradise indeed—a fitting habitation for the soul, while imprisoned in this perishable tabernacle of flesh.”

The following morning was as serene and lovely as even the Americans themselves could desire. It was the birth-day of their boasted independence. Its dawn was ushered by no roar of cannon, ringing of bells, or pealing of artillery. The sun-light of the tropics came in solemn splendor, and the whisperings of the fragrant zephyrs and the warbling of early birds, were the only sounds which accompanied it. All was still; but it was a day sacred to the goddess of Liberty!

The national flag, which floated from one of the upper windows of the house where the dinner was to take place, was the only evidence during the morning that the day was one of peculiar importance to the American people.

At three o'clock P.M. we were summoned to the banquet. The dinner, as far as edibles and potables were concerned, was much better than we could have anticipated, and several dishes had been prepared for the occasion which we had never met with before in Brazil. The room was appropriately bedizened with flags of many nations. The guests numbered thirty-five, and a more miscellaneous assortment could not easily have been selected. The English and Americans were about equal in number; then there were Irishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Russians, Portuguese, Brazilians, and some others. The toasts, which were numerous, were as various in their character as the different banners which

decked the apartment. Everything was conducted with perfect decorum and order, and all appeared to be well satisfied with their share of the entertainment. Throughout the repast, a fine band of thirty musicians continued to play national airs in an adjoining room, which added much to the festivities of the day. At nine o'clock the company retired for their respective homes.

On the morrow we were to leave for Maguary. This place, in a direct line, is not more than twelve miles from the city, although by water the distance is much greater. We proposed making the trip on foot, as the route through the forest is much the shortest, and, for strangers, altogether the most pleasant and interesting. As our luggage and ammunition had been sent by the canoe in the morning, there was nothing to hinder us from taking this course. We therefore adopted it.

C H A P T E R X X .

Dawn in the Forest.—A rhapsody by J.—A beautiful Landscape.—Piscatory Breakfast.—Peraricon and Electrical Eels.—Eel Stories.—Mode of Capturing them in Guiana.—A retired Bath.—A strange Tableau.

At least an hour before the break of day we sallied forth from the silent gloom of the city, and plunged at once into the solitude and darkness of the forest. We were accompanied by the machinist of the mills, who, having resided at the Maguary for some years past, was not only perfectly familiar with the route, but had moreover an extensive knowledge of the province, its numerous wild animals, birds, and natural productions. For us, therefore, on the present occasion, he was both a trusty guide as well as an interesting companion.

All nature seemed to be now hushed in sleep; neither the note of a bird, the buzz of an insect, nor the cry of an animal disturbed the profound silence as we walked rapidly onward through a crooked pathway of the wilderness, arched by the meeting of the treetops. A stroll among the tombs of some remote and antiquated church-yard could not have been more solemn and impressive than the commencement of this, our lonely

journey towards Maguary. Trees of gigantic dimensions towered up proudly on either side, hiding the very stars from our view by the heaviness of their drooping branches. Our own voices alone disturbed the deep quiet which pervaded the forest—no rippling of streamlets broke upon our ears, and even the gentle winds were still.

But a flood of light came at last, penetrating through the thick canopy of foliage. It announced the dawn of another beautiful day. A scene of unparalleled magnificence now opened upon us. The trees on every side looked as if they were made of emeralds, while the dew-drops on every leaf glittered like precious gems. The animal and vegetable kingdom became simultaneously reanimated, and the wild woods rang with the glad voices of ten thousand awakened birds—flocks of parrots chattered vociferously over our heads, toucans screamed from the summits of the loftiest trees, while numbers of red-crowned and white-bearded manakins flew across our path, and sprightly humming birds gleamed in sudden flights from flower to flower. Above all, however, sounded the clear metallic notes of the bell-bird, ringing forth in soft melodious tones, the cheerful “break of day.”

“What an extraordinary contrast!” exclaimed J., with rapture. “Half an hour ago the silence and gloom were as perfect as that of the dungeons of the Inquisition; now we are in the midst of a Paradise!

and all our senses in the full enjoyment of Tropical woods, the music of southern birds, and the delicious fragrance of breathing flowers !”

“ Oh the pleasures of liberty and health !” shouted he ; “ who can adequately appreciate these invaluable blessings, save he who has been for a time deprived of them ! What a thrill of joy must pervade the bosom of the slave when he feels for the first time that he is free, when he hears the magic word pronounced which assures him that his days of servitude are over ; or to the lone wretch who has been pining away for years in the dreary solitude of a convict’s cell, how gladdening to his heart must be the voice of liberty ! But to the hapless victim of disease, deprived of both liberty and health, with hope like a dark column turned against him, and the certainty of death staring him in the face, with what remorse must he reflect upon his past career when the conviction is forced upon him that the yawning grave into which he is about to plunge, is the summary punishment of his own false indulgences, and of his own reckless violation of nature’s laws. To maintain health, it is only necessary that we should live in accordance with the immutable laws which the Creator of the universe has established.”

Pursuing our journey at a rapid pace for about three hours, we began to hear the distant rumbling of the mills. The road was here considerably wider, and much of the underbrush of the forest had been cleared away.

Besides, we were no longer sheltered by the overhanging branches of trees, but were exposed to the full glare of the unclouded sun. Emerging at length from the cool shade of the woods, we stood upon a sandy mound, and feasted our eyes upon the charming landscape which lay spread out before us. The scene, although not very extensive, was one of exquisite and varied beauty. Away, off to our right, we saw the waters of a silver-like lake, gleaming through the interstices of the forest foliage, and shining like a pure diamond set around with emerald stones. From it ran a small brook, which meandered through the lovely plain, and emptied itself into a larger stream which flowed under the very windows of the mills ; this again, after a few rods, lost itself in the darkness of the contiguous wilderness into which it gushed with a murmuring sound, as it sported onwards in a winding course to pay its tribute to the majestic Amazon.

The mill was a prodigious building, and constructed almost entirely of stone. Its machinery was controlled by the power of steam, and from a small pipe at the top of the building, a cloud of vapor was continually belching forth ! Near to this antique looking edifice was a group of thatched cottages, which were tenanted by the different natives and slaves employed on the estate. These lay along the borders of the forest, and added not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene.

“ Well, now we are at our journey’s end,” said Mr. W., our intelligent escort, “ we must try and get some

breakfast. I suppose exercise and abstinence have nearly the same effect on all; if so, you must feel after your toilsome walk of twelve miles in length, and four hours in duration, as if you would like to prey upon something; as for myself, I am just now as rapacious as a condor, or as hungry as a nun after three days' fasting and prayer."

Arriving at the mill, we ascended a flight of steps which carried us up to a spacious veranda, running the entire length of the building. At the extreme end of this covered gallery was a large room on the right, which Mr. W. informed us was set apart for our express accommodation. It was quite comfortable, and from its windows we had a fine view of the forest, and of the pleasant patch of meadow land which intervened, variegated as it was with flowering bushes and tall palm trees, standing like watchful sentries in the shadow of the wilderness! Breakfast was soon prepared for us under the veranda. It was rather of a piscatory character, consisting chiefly of "peraricon" and "electrical eels," the former broiled, the latter fried.

"I do not know what the natives of Brazil would do for food were it not for the abundance and cheapness of 'peraricon,'" said Mr. W. "It is a fish which in appearance bears a considerable resemblance to the American codfish, and is common in most of the large rivers and streams of the country. It is dried in the sun by the natives, and with a great many it constitutes a principal article of food! no black or Indian is so poor but that he

can readily procure a sufficiency of this fish and farina for the support of himself and family. But, by the way, what do you think of the eels ?”

“They are not at all unpalatable,” replied J., “but really I think them rather dangerous for starving persons to feed upon, they are so confoundedly bony. I have choked myself half a dozen times already, and the lower part of my throat methinks must be wretchedly lacerated ; however, I would much rather meddle with them in their present condition than when alive. How decidedly inconvenient it would be, to say the least, to receive a severe shock from one while indulging in a delicious bath, with a company of olive-cheeked mermaids ; under such circumstances I should hardly know whether to run or swim, or throw myself into the arms of the long-haired nymphs for protection ! Are these singular fish abundant in this vicinity ? If so, I believe I shall abjure bathing for some time to come.”

“They cannot be said to be numerous here,” said Mr. W., “although scarcely a week passes by without one or more of them being caught. You need not give yourself any uneasiness about bathing, for it is very seldom that persons are struck by them while in the water, although instances of this kind sometimes occur. But I will take you to a place where you can bathe with perfect security, and where you will be delightfully sheltered from the parching rays of the sun.”

Speaking on the subject of electrical eels, it may not be

out of place to remark, that a gentleman in the city had an enormous one, which was upwards of ten feet in length. So great was its power, that on a certain occasion it is said to have prostrated a full-grown cow which drank accidentally from the vessel in which it was confined. We ourselves witnessed an extraordinary combat one day. A friend, at whose house we were visiting, had a small eel of the electric kind, which he kept in a tub of water placed in the yard; a thirsty duck, in rambling about in search of water, chanced to see this vessel, upon the side of which he immediately perched himself, and began very inconsiderately to imbibe a portion of its contents. In a moment he received a shock which made all his feathers stand on end, magnifying him to twice his ordinary size. But the duck was more valorous than one would have supposed, for he returned with such violence to the attack, that he would soon have dispatched his slippery enemy, had not a servant interposed and prevented so tragic a termination of the battle! A couple of incidents as amusing as the foregoing, took place on board of our vessel while on our return voyage to the United States. We will give them to the reader by way of episode. Among our living curiosities we had two young electrical eels, which we kept in a large tub on deck. Wishing one day to change the water, we upset the tub, leaving the animals for a few minutes on the dry boards. Having replenished the vessel with fresh water, we requested one of the

sailors to put them in. Proceeding to do so, he received a strange thrill, which caused him to let the fish fall from his hand in a moment. He attempted it again, but with no better success than before. Infinite was the consternation of the other sailors, who all tried in turn to put the diabolical fish into the tub ; and truly laughable their looks of wonderment occasioned by the mysterious sensations which they had severally experienced. No one, however, was more amazed than the captain's mate. Being himself wholly unacquainted with the properties of the fish, he was unable to imagine any other cause the sailors could have for dropping them, than the difficulty of holding such slimy and slippery things in one's hand. Fortified with this opinion, he walked up boldly to the largest one, which he seized with a powerful grasp, in order to prevent the possibility of escape on the part of the animal ; but he was soon forced to let go his hold, and to yell out as lustily as if some one had touched him with a heated bar of iron. After much laughter the captain finally procured a shovel, and we returned them to their native element without any further difficulty.

On another occasion we observed one of our monkeys in the act of drinking from the tub, but having unfortunately put his head down a little too far, his nose came in contact with the back of one of the fish, whereupon he was rewarded for his temerity by a severe shock, which caused him at the time to beat a precipitate

retreat. But having reflected for a few moments on the course most proper for him to pursue, he seemed at last to have decided upon revenge. Returning to the scene of action, with an expression of violent wrath depicted upon his interesting countenance, he once more mounted the side of the tub, and brought the eel, who had subjected him to such deep mortification, a severe thwack upon the head with his paw. He instantly received another shock, but being no philosopher, he struck the animal again and again, each time receiving an additional charge of the electric fluid, until at last, being pretty well used up, he wisely abandoned the siege, which, upon the whole, he appeared to regard as a very "shocking affair," and retired, garrulously giving vent to his intense disgust.

The manner of capturing these fish in Guiana is thus related by Baron Humboldt:—A pool having been discovered which abounds with them, a number of wild horses and mules are surrounded and forced into it. "The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the sand, and incites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of such different organizations furnishes a very striking spectacle. The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely, and some climb upon the trees,

the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries and length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away, and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by repeated discharges of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of their invisible strokes, which they receive on all sides, in organs the most essential to life; and, stunned by the force and frequency of the blows, they disappear under water. Others, panting, with mane erect and haggard eyes, expressing anguish, rouse themselves, and endeavor to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water; but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted by fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric strokes of the 'gymnoti.' "

Speaking of a scene which the Baron himself witnessed, he thus remarks:—"In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel being five feet long, and pressing himself against the belly of the horse, makes a discharge along the whole length of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the plexus of abdominal nerves. We had little doubt the fishing would terminate by killing successively all

the animals engaged, but, by degrees, the impetuosity of this unequal contest diminished, and the wearied gymnoti dispersed. They require a long rest and abundant nourishment to repair what they have lost of galvanic force, and, in a few minutes, we had five large eels, the greater part of which were only slightly wounded."

Nature could not have endowed an animal with a more effectual weapon of defence than the galvanic apparatus with which she has supplied these marvellous fish. Even the bloodthirsty and heavy mailed alligator quails before it, and acknowledges the gymnotis to be the piscatory sovereign of the stream. But now let us return to finish the meal which gave rise to this protracted digression on eels.

As soon as we had regaled ourselves sufficiently, smoked our pipes, and lounged for an hour or so in our hammocks, we sallied out again into the open air, for the laudable purpose of taking a cooling ablution in the clear waters of the streamlet.

The idea of being struck dumb and senseless by electrical eels was uppermost in our minds, and very dreadful it was to be sure, but we had determined upon having a swim, especially as our new friend had promised to take us to a spot where we should be secure from any molestation or inconvenience whatever.

Our guide led the way, following along by the side of the brooklet, in the direction of the sylvan lake, which

we now saw sparkling at a distance amid the verdure. On our left was an extensive clearing, covered with low bushes, and solitary trees looming up here and there. Before, behind, and around us, the dark woods rose up like a gloomy wall, reminding us that we were isolated and hid from the world, in the heart of a Brazilian forest.

Within a few rods of the lake, a slight dam was made on the bank of the stream, over which at high tide the water flowed with a gurgling sound, as soft and cheerful as the laughter of a youthful maid. The water was received in its descent by a kind of rocky cauldron, with a smooth, hard bottom of sand. The width of this natural basin was about eight or ten feet, while its depth was between four and five. It was completely overhung by an umbrageous canopy of living green, so dense that the fierce rays of the sun were entirely excluded, although the brilliancy of its light was admitted in front. This was the bathing place, of which our new acquaintance had informed us, and certainly neither Venus nor any other goddess could have selected a sweeter spot on earth, for this delightful purpose !

“What a capital place for a solitary mermaid,” said J., “the very spot for such a hermitage ! But here goes for a plunge.” In a moment he was immersed in the crystal water of this foaming pool, and soon after was joined by his two comrades ; and now we were all in the basin together, dancing about under the influence of the pleasant excitement, and performing a variety of aquatic

feats. Coming out at the expiration of half an hour, we experienced the most delicious of all human sensations, such as *they* only can appreciate, who have bathed in the exhilarating waters of a mineral spring, and then exposed themselves unclad to the vivifying influences of the warm sunshine.

On our return to the mills, we stopped for a moment at one of the habitations of the natives. Here we saw a strange *tableau*. In one corner of the hut were a couple of negro women, seated on the ground engaged in basket-making ; while a boy was cutting long strips from a species of cane used for this purpose. Various kinds of birds and skins of animals were hung around the cabin, together with ragged clothing, and bunches of fruit. One spectacle, however, which served to complete the picture, would doubtless have occasioned an ejaculation of horror, had it been witnessed by the unaccustomed eyes of our indulgent reader. It was that of an aged native, with whitened locks streaming down on his shoulders, deliberately tearing to pieces, for the convenience of mastication, the body of a recently-roasted Guariba, or howling monkey. J. inquired of him respecting the flavor of the animal, which the old cannibal declared to be equal to that of beef or any other meat. "*Mon Dieu !*" exclaimed my companion, "from what enjoyments do our prejudices preclude us !"

CHAPTER XXI.

Excursion down the Stream.—“Cocoanut Grove.”—A Sloth.—

The great and little Ant-Eater.—A Bath and Siesta.

ON the following day we procured a small montaria, and made an excursion down the streamlet. The brook-scenery was rich and luxuriant, and was for a distance completely embowered by overhanging shrubbery. The stream was filled with small rocks and sand-bars, which were distinctly revealed by the receding tide. Consequently we were obliged to be continually on the alert, in order to avoid being snagged or capsized! The banks in some parts were quite high, and clothed with a gigantic vegetation, while occasionally their beautiful monotony was pleasingly relieved by the glistening of a silvery cascade or miniature waterfall!

Paddling round a certain point, a scene of exquisite beauty burst instantaneously upon our view! For the distance of several hundred yards the stream was exceedingly wide, and as straight as an arrow. The left bank was covered by a thicket of low clustering bushes, while the land on the opposite side was unusually high, and overtopped by a handsome grove of cocoanuts and ornamental palms.

Among the trees of the grove we discovered two or three Indian cottages and a number of natives swinging in their hammocks, which were suspended from the branches. There was something so fascinating about this picturesque spot, that we resolved to halt and recruit ourselves for a few moments. Fastening our boat firmly to an orange tree on the bank, we took our guns in our hands and ascended the rude steps which led to one of the habitations of the natives. Here we found a number of Indians, who, although a little surprised at our sudden visit and strange appearance, nevertheless treated us in the most hospitable manner. They had just returned from a hunt in the forest, and had brought with them a peculiar species of sloth, which seemed to have been lately shot. We had seen animals of this kind before, but the enormous size of the one in question did not fail to attract our notice. The natives were about preparing it for eating, and assured us that its flesh was excellent.

This animal is inconceivably slow in its motion, inasmuch as it will often consume an entire day in climbing up a tree, or in crawling fifty paces on the ground. Its size, when full grown, is nearly equal to that of a fox, and its body is covered with long, uneven hair, of a dusky white, spotted with black. Its claws are large and powerful, so much so that it is frequently found sleeping and hanging from the limb of a tree, around which its legs are tightly clasped. The sloth

lives entirely on fruit and leaves, and never moves except when impelled by hunger or thirst. While in motion it utters a low and plaintive sound, and is so very repulsive and pitiable in its general aspect, that it is seldom, if ever, attacked or molested by beasts of prey.

Leaving "cocoanut grove," and pursuing our solitary way, while not a ripple agitated the surface of the stream, we finally entered an inviting cove, which opened to our right. Here we perceived a very respectable mansion, situated on an elevated and shady mound, which we soon discovered to be the residence of an old and highly esteemed Taponian, bearing the name of Senhor Ramundo.

Walking up the bank, we saluted the proprietor, and requested permission to examine the beauties and curiosities of the place, which was readily granted us. The grounds connected with the estate were very extensive, and well supplied with fruit trees and curious plants of many kinds. Among the former we observed an enormous cactus tree, at least twenty feet in height, embellished with large and splendid flowers; rising on a single shaft for a few feet above the ground, it then separated into many prodigious shoots, each of which was at least eight inches in diameter, forming a spectacle which was wonderful as well as beautiful.

Besides an abundance of banana plants, we saw a number of pine-apple shrubs, thriving in the greatest

luxuriance. Perceiving that we were pleased with the appearance of this delicious fruit, our hospitable friend picked off a fine one and served it up at the house for our exclusive benefit. In this generous climate the pineapple sometimes grows to an enormous size, and is of a much superior flavor to those usually brought to our country from the West Indies. They require considerable cultivation and a fertile soil, but in Brazil are not unfrequently found growing in the open forest!

Having made a circuit of the garden, we returned to the house, where we regaled ourselves on the fruit we had brought with us. The house was quite commodious and in most excellent order, for which old Ramundo was indebted to the assiduous care of his ten beautiful daughters. These filial maidens constituted a bouquet of flowers, of which Flora herself might well have been proud! They were exceedingly pretty, with long dark hair and jet-black eyes.

The tide having changed, we took advantage of it to return to "the mills." Passing a certain thicket we heard a peculiar noise in the bushes, and soon after saw some kind of animal emerge from the bushes and run with great velocity along the bank. We kept our eyes intently fixed upon him until he disappeared from view, and then guided our little boat to the exact spot where we had last seen him. My companion jumped quickly ashore and removing the foliage aside with his gun, he suddenly started up the animal, who rushed so unexpect-

edly almost from under his very feet, that he did not have time to raise his gun to his shoulder and fire. We caught a glimpse of the creature, however, which we discovered to be a species of wild hog.

Not long after leaving this place, we had the good fortune to shoot a fine specimen of the ant-eater. This is certainly the most remarkable of all South American quadrupeds. There are two species of this genus found in the forests of Brazil, which are called, in distinction, the great and little ant-eater. The former is a very large animal, sometimes measuring seven feet in length, from the tip of its nose to the extremity of its tail. Its appearance to every one but a naturalist is truly repulsive and disagreeable. Its head is very small and its snout exceedingly long, while its mouth is extremely diminutive and entirely destitute of teeth. The general color of the animal is grey, with a broad stripe of black running down on each side of its body. The hair with which it is covered is quite harsh, and that of the tail very long and bushy. Although not provided by nature with teeth, yet the powerful claws of the ant-eater render it a very formidable adversary, since with them it has been known to destroy animals of much greater apparent strength than itself. It walks very slowly in the woods, but is said to be a rapid swimmer, and in the water it moves quickly along, with its prodigious tail flung directly over its back !

The little ant-eater, on the contrary, is a very dimin-

tive and extremely graceful little animal, its body being seldom more than seven inches long, while its tail is bushy, like that of a squirrel, and generally longer than its body. The tip of its tail is usually bare for about the space of two or three inches, and is prehensile. This little creature sports among the branches of the trees, and is very agile and nimble in his motions. The fur with which he is covered is of a pure yellow, and is exquisitely soft and glossy. Indeed, the general appearance of this curious little fellow is exceedingly prepossessing and pleasing.

The tongue of the ant-eater is very long, and is covered with a peculiar glutinous substance, of which the ants are particularly fond. They assemble on it in myriads, and while enjoying the sweetness of the feast, the tongue of the animal is suddenly drawn within its mouth, and the unfortunate insects immediately precipitated into the dark and mysterious abyss below !

Soon after killing the ant-eater we arrived safely at the mills. The afternoon was uncomfortably warm. As soon, therefore, as we had disencumbered ourselves of our sporting accoutrements, we repaired again to the "Bath of the Muses," and indulged in a cool and refreshing ablution. Returning from the bath, we committed ourselves to our hammocks, which were swinging in the breeze under the veranda. Soft languors stole insensibly over us, and visions of dreamy happiness arose in our minds ! No one can realize the pleasures of a

hammock "siesta," who has not wandered amid the enchanting scenes of the Torrid Zone!—Here "everything invites to that indolent repose, the bliss of southern climes; and while the half-shut eye looks out from shaded balconies upon the glittering landscape, the ear is lulled by the rustling of groves, and the murmur of running streams."



CHAPTER XXII.

Trip to L'Aranjeira.—A Sunset Scene.—Evening Festival in an Orange Grove.—A provoking Incident.

Hours and days rolled rapidly on, and still we delighted to hear the rumbling of the old mills, and to ramble amid the umbrageous solitudes of the neighboring forest. Each moment almost, as it imperceptibly glided away, brought with it some fresh sources of novelty and entertainment. Late one afternoon we left Maguary in our canoe, intending to pass the night at the sequestered hamlet of L'Aranjeira, which is situated a few miles from the mills on one of the sloping banks of the streamlet.

We were gliding slowly past the grove of cocoa palms, when the flush of sunset overspread the western sky, and shed a luminous glow upon the surface of the stream. The leaves of the brookside trees were tinged with golden hues, and the dark masses of emerald foliage seemed to be illumed as with a smile! It was a gorgeous scene, and one which penetrated deep into our souls. The air was loaded with delicious aromas—the noisy chattering of the birds was over, and the soft and melancholy notes of trogons and nightingales, alone

stole upon our ears. Insects chirped in the tangled thickets, and beetles occasionally flew with a strange humming sound through the quiet atmosphere—the stars beamed forth from the clear firmament, and our eyes looked with mute adoration upon millions of worlds, studding the etherial ocean of immensity!

“Oh,” said J., “who can gaze upon the illimitable heavens above him, and contemplate the inconceivable vastness of the universe, without feeling within him the consciousness of immortality? Who is there so grovelling and debased, that he can gaze upon the grandeur of the stellar worlds, wheeling in their established orbits at unfathomable distances over his head, without experiencing emotions of grandeur and sublimity? Oh, God! that a human being in thy divine form, could ever have gazed upon the overwhelming proofs of Deity which I now behold, and continued a sceptic still. Is it not a mystery that so foul a blot should be permitted to rest upon the footstool of Jehovah?—that a fiend in human shape should be allowed to live, and cast his shadow, like that of a dark pillar, upon the beauty and happiness of the world? Why is he not riven by a thunderbolt, or blighted by the lightning?”

“It is not often, J., that you are in so serious a mood! Is it not a grand idea?—and often have I felt it in looking upon the star-studded firmament; that all the innumerable worlds upon which we gaze are inhabited—that they are the different homes of the immortal spirit,

which wings its flight from planet to planet, by the mysterious power of volition alone, and goes on through unending ages, for ever approaching nearer and nearer to the true source of all things—the pure fountain of the Great Eternal mind !”

We had now turned the last headland, and were in full view of L’Aranjeira. Its appearance, thus seen by the sweet influence of the starlight, was deeply interesting—the bank, which here made a sudden turn, so as to present the hamlet directly in our front, was unusually high. Upon its summit stood the cottages of the natives, each one surrounded by a number of flourishing orange trees. The plot of cleared ground which had been thus appropriated by the Indian habitations, sloped gradually back towards the dark forest, which by the light of the stars seemed to sweep round it in a perfect semicircle. The stream had been swollen to the width of a small river, and the light pulsations of its waters upon the sandy beach, came with a musical dashing to our ears. Upon its rippling surface the moonbeams were dancing a minuet, while thousands of reflected stars gleamed as it were in an enchanted region far down below us !

To our astonishment the entire grove appeared to be specially illuminated, as if for the purpose of celebrating some distinguished festal day.

Drawing our boat up on the shore, we ascended the steps which led to the cottages. The “Commandante,” it seems, was expecting us, and had therefore remained

alone at his house, awaiting our arrival. The first queries we put to him, as soon as our mutual greetings were concluded, were concerning the grand display of lights, and natives, and music, which we beheld in the grove. He informed us that it was festal night, and that the natives were having a rustic ball in honor thereof; he moreover invited us to take part in the ceremonies, politely offering himself as our escort, and adding also, by way of inducement, that he would take particular care to initiate us into the good graces of all the handsome Dryads of the grove. This was too strong a temptation for our feeble powers of denial, therefore we at once consented to Senhor Prout's kind proposal.

It may not be improper to say a word respecting the appearance, character, and position of the old "commandant." His age could not have been less than *sixty years*, for the front part of his head was entirely bald, while the curling locks which hung down over his shoulders were of silvery whiteness; his eye was sharp and penetrating—his features small—his lips compressed, and his complexion light—all betokening a cunning disposition and a suspicious turn of mind. In conversation he was exceedingly loquacious! He had been stationed at L'Aranjeira by the Para government as a kind of spy, to prevent the smuggling of foreign goods into the city by means of this stream. His whole armament consisted of half a dozen rusty guns, which,

judging from their looks, would be more apt to injure those who used them than those at whom they were discharged.

“I think it would be impossible for the most imaginative poet to conceive a more romantic spectacle on earth than that which we now behold!” said J., as soon as we had passed the borders of the illuminated grove. The trees were nearly of the same height, clothed with their rich foliage of vivid green, and bending to the ground with their heavy clusters of yellow fruit. Each tree was furnished with lighted flambeaux, while many of the natives carried flaming torches in their hands. Gloomily the luxuriant forest stood around like the darksome pall—brightly shone the tranquil surface of the broad and flowing stream before us—and here, in the midst of a group of strange men of swarthy aspect, Indian maids of exquisite beauty, and tall shadows of grotesque forms—we stood in this lovely solitude of the wilderness, drinking in strange sensations of delight, and feeling in our souls, that were it not for the baneful influence of sin, this world would be a paradise of joy!

“What a very pretty damsel is she that stands so pensively by yonder banana plant,” said J. “See how quiet she is; her head droops as if some thought was pressing upon her virgin mind! And look how she glances her eyes occasionally at old Prout, as if she took some peculiar interest in his movements. I should

not be surprised if she turns out to be his daughter ; if so, I shall have a story to tell by and by of my pleasant flirtation with the bewitching belle of L'Aranjeira."

"She may be 'old Prout's' daughter for all we know to the contrary," I replied ; "but I do not think she is. I am aware that the 'Commandant' has daughters, but they are, I think, all married ; at all events, I do not believe he has a daughter as young as this maid by at least ten years. She does not appear to be above fifteen, yet how perfectly is she developed—how symmetrical is the graceful curve of her neck, and what a profusion of raven tresses hang elf-like from her head. It is not, as you modestly imagine, at old Prout that she glances, but you may rest assured that it is at no other than *yourself*. She has seen you, and is consequently *smitten*, and this is doubtless the secret of her strange behavior. It strikes me as something very strange that the prettiest girl by far in the grove should be so neglected by the beaux. There is some mystery about it, which, I must confess, I cannot understand. Go you up to her straightway, and be her entertainer. If any dependence can be placed on her looks and actions, such a movement on your part, methinks, will be highly satisfactory to the damsel."

"Well!" replied J., "I believe I will for once take your advice ; but remember you must be responsible for the consequences."

My companion then left me, and walked up boldly to

the pretty maiden, who had scarcely changed her position since first we discovered her. Shortly after I beheld him dancing with her on the green, and apparently as happy as any fond lover who had secured his prize! She still, however, continued her glances at "Old Prout," whose countenance, to my infinite amazement, was now clouded as if with some inward dissatisfaction, misanthropy, or hypochondriacal forebodings; his physiognomy was a complicated puzzle, and I could not possibly opine the occasion of his evident uneasiness!

It was past one o'clock in the morning when the festivities were brought to a close. Imagine our surprise, dear reader, when, on starting for the house of the "Commandant," we were joined by the innocent and bright-faced girl to whom my companion had during the evening been so particularly attentive! What could it mean? Was she, then, truly the daughter of our venerable host? Oh! happy thought! Oh! enviable young men!

"Is this your *youngest* daughter!" whispered J., in the politest manner imaginable to the aged Senhor. "She is remarkably handsome; in fact, we have few prettier girls than she in America! I consider her very fortunate in having so amiable and affectionate a *father!*"

"Father!" echoed he, in tones none of the softest—"I am her *husband*; she is my *wife*! But I freely

forgive you for your mistake, as I have daughters, to tell the truth, almost old enough to be her mother !”

J. became now speechless, listless, and tongue-tied, and continued so for some time after this fatal explanation. As for myself, I felt half disposed—and even hinted the propriety of the measure to my disappointed comrade—of seizing the old Turk by the neck and pitching him headforemost over the bank into the placid waters of the stream !

When we reached the house, Senhor “Prout” manifested an extraordinary degree of prudence in swinging our hammocks under the veranda, at the same time very coolly giving us a lecture on the advantages of sleeping in the open air ! His youthful wife kissed her hand to us as she bade us good night, and disappeared from our view with a roguish smile upon her pouting lips. “Old Prout” supplied us with pipes, and conversed with us very sociably for upwards of an hour. He then wished us a pleasant sleep, and vanished within the interior of his dwelling.

In a few moments we were no longer conscious of the realities of existence—*for we slept !*—and our slumbers were as calm and sweet as those of childhood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Humming Bird Crusade in the Inga Grove.—Different methods of securing these Birds.—Certain facts regarding them.—A Ramble in the Woods.—Canoe Making.—An Opossum.—J. and myself for once of different minds.

AT six o'clock we were awakened by the "Commandant," who said that we must rise immediately (although we had not slept more than three hours) if we had any desire to shoot any humming birds that morning. Springing from our hammocks, we lost not a moment in equipping ourselves for this enterprise. Leaving the house in company with "Old Prout," we were soon in the midst of the grove, breathing an atmosphere pregnant with the fragrance of the Inga blossoms. The trees were literally alive with the tiny birds, whose rapid flight through the sunlit air could only be likened to the glistening of precious gems or burnished metals. Sometimes we would see one perched upon a dry twig, and at other times poised in the air over our heads, and apparently motionless, while all the time his little wings were vibrating with the greatest velocity.

Several modes are adopted for killing these curious birdlets. The natives of Brazil shoot them with small

arrows, thrown from a species of blow-pipe by the power of their breath only. Some naturalists, for fear of injuring their extremely delicate plumage, throw water upon them by means of syringes, which clogs their wings, and thus incapacitates them for flight.

In the wonderful choir of animated nature birds seem to rank next above insects, and some of the latter which are furnished with wings, bear considerable resemblance to the minimum of the former. Any one, who gives due attention to the consideration of the myriads of animals and life-teeming atoms which surround us—which crowd the purest water we drink and the lightest air we breathe, cannot fail to observe a gradual chain of mental development, from the first buddings of mysterious instinct up to the greatest capacity and genius of man. A chain equivalent to this exists also in the material world, in the creation of animated beings. The humming bird may appropriately be considered as the connecting *link* between the bird and insect race. How pleasing to the eye of a poet is the analogy between this smallest of birds and the butterfly ! In size the latter is often superior, and in coloring as rich and striking. They both frequent flowery gardens, and are sometimes seen at the same time sipping honey from the bosom of some ripe and blushing rose !

The beauty of the humming bird has been universally extolled, and well does it deserve all the praise that has been bountifully lavished upon it. On account of the

brilliant lustre of its plumage, it has been expressively designated by the titles of emerald, ruby, amethystine, and topaz, according to the several species. The natives of some of the islands where they abound, metaphorically style them "winged-flowers," while in Brazil the Portuguese name which is bestowed upon them, signifies, "flower-kissers !"

Delicate as these little creatures are, they are not confined entirely to the Tropics, but are occasionally seen in high latitudes, and have been observed flitting about even in the midst of a snow storm, apparently at their ease. Their home, however, is in the warmer parts of America, where they sport in wanton mazes during the live-long day, fulfilling the particular end for which the wisdom of nature has designed them.

Innocent and harmless as the humming birds appear, yet they are frequently agitated by the fiercest passions. They not only assail birds of a larger size, but if disturbed during the period of incubation, will even venture to attack man himself, darting at his eyes with such violence as to threaten their extinction. When the males battle with each other, which is often the case, the combat is seldom relinquished until one of the belligerents is completely discomfited, or killed. Wilson says he has seen the small American humming bird attack even the king-bird, which is so distinguished for its valor, and in its turn assaulted by a humble bee, which after a few moments of hard fighting, he succeeded in putting to flight.

It has been estimated that the whole number of species comprised under the genus *Trochilus*, cannot be much less than two hundred. The two most remarkable of the genus which we ourselves procured in Brazil, were commonly called the “*magnificent*” and the “*whiskered*” humming birds. The former was of an unusually large size, being nearly seven inches in length, including its two longest tail feathers, which were upwards of four inches in length. These were finely plumed, and very singularly crossed each other near their tips. The breast of this bird was of a splendid topazine, while the lower parts of its body were of a rich and glowing ruby. Its back was of a rufous brown, with metallic reflections.

The “whiskered hummer” was truly a comical looking bird—a winged harlequin among his race! This singular species is one of the most diminutive of the genus, and is remarkable for having six white feathers on each side of its head, which it has the power of erecting or depressing at pleasure. These feathers seem designed as a kind of *parachute*, to enable the bird to put an instantaneous and effectual check upon the extraordinary rapidity of its flight, when in the pursuit of its insect prey!

The birds of this genus differ very materially in their habits. Some are extremely solitary, wandering alone through the unfrequented recesses of the forest, and seldom venturing into open places, or near the abodes of men. Others, on the contrary, live in the vicinity of

populous towns, and visit without apprehension the most public gardens, while some haunt the embowered streams, and feed upon the different aquatic insects which skim their glassy surfaces.

Having killed at least thirty-five hummers, we returned to the house. Senhora Prout received us under the veranda with a smile—made a few inquiries of us concerning the result of our morning's crusade—and then put before us a delicious repast of mingow and coffee.

Our pipes being smoked out, we took a short ramble in the woods. The pathway was narrow, and ran along by the side of a bubbling brook, at last terminating in an open area or clearing, where we perceived a couple of Indians engaged in the manufacture of a montaria or canoe. They had hollowed out a large log by means of fire, and were now scraping away the crisped and blackened wood with their rude instruments. Halting here for a moment, the "commandante" explained to our entire satisfaction the whole "*modus operandi*" of canoe making, from the "Alpha" to the "Omega" of the process.

Resuming our walk, we shortly met with a native who had a species of opossum in one of his hands, which he said he had just shot in the forest. There are many varieties of opossums, peculiar to the woods of Brazil. They are very curious animals both in their appearance and habits. A quaint writer has remarked concerning them, that as a general rule they have "the snout of a

pike, the ears of a bat, and the tail of a snake." Their hair is coarse, and bears some resemblance to whalebone, when it is shaved into fine and riband-like curls. Their tails are prehensile, and of use to the animal in suspending itself from the branches of trees, while their legs are comparatively short and covered with long hair. While amid the foliage of trees they are both sportive and nimble, and are often seen playfully chasing each other from limb to limb, with all the quickness and agility of squirrels. But, on the ground, their motions are remarkably slow and laborious. In their habits they are nocturnal, but are occasionally seen frolicking with each other in shady and secluded places during the day. Their food consists, for the most part, of small birds, lizards, and various reptiles. At times, however, they repair to the neighboring streams, for the purpose of catching fish and snails, which they like to procure occasionally *by way of a dietetical change!*

The female opossum is furnished with a pouch like that of the kangaroo, in which she nourishes her young until they are able to take care of themselves. These are generally from eight to twelve in number; and it is not a very unusual spectacle, in their native woods, to see the mother walking about in search of food, with her whole family safely mounted upon her back.

In the afternoon I concluded to undertake a short trip of exploration in our canoe,—but I could not persuade J. to accompany me! Whether he was unwilling to expose

himself to the heat of the sun, or loath to tear himself away from the lovely presence of Senhora Prout, I shall not pretend to say—at all events, he positively refused to go with me, so I set out on the excursion alone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Solitary Canoe Excursion.—Adventure with an Enormous Snake.—Return to the Mills.—The fatal End of a Somnambulist.—An extraordinary Marriage.—Invitation to visit “Vigia.”

LEAVING L’Aranjeira, I proceeded slowly up the stream. The day was beautiful, and the air so sublimated with the burning sunlight, that even the smallest object shone amid the deep green of the foliage with picture-like distinctness; scarcely a flower, or tree, or plant, which gemmed the banks, escaped my observation. The sky above me was like that of Italy, pure and translucent, and so ethereal and cloudless as to exhaust the human vision, which seeks in vain for something upon which to concentrate its scattered rays. A few insects floated about in the clear atmosphere; but they were the only signs of life that were manifest. The birds had retired to their shady bowers in the thickets, but at intervals I caught hasty glimpses of their gay plumes through the interstices of the thickly matted foliage.

Entering the mouth of a tributary brook, my canoe came in collision with a hidden snag, with such force as nearly to capsize it. My coat and game bag both fell

into the water, thus rendering my ammunition unfit for immediate use. This was quite discouraging, but as the tide was now running up with great power, it was useless to think of returning, therefore I made the best of the accident which had occurred, by exposing my powder-horn and percussion caps to the influence of the sun, and pushing on in my "montaria" up the streamlet.

The banks gradually approached nearer and nearer to each other as I advanced, and at length not more than a few yards intervened between them. The trees on the right hand bank were large and closely congregated together. On the left was a dense thicket of mangroves, whose long and numerous shoots radiating in all directions, and then sinking down again into the muddy bottom of the stream, constituted an extraordinary spectacle of vegetable network. Beneath its shelter I saw a number of "*great rails*" running along, but fortunately for *them* I was incapacitated from doing them *any harm*. Other birds also flew about the tree tops over my head; but they, too, were safe, and conscious only of liberty, seemed to take little heed of my approach.

While cogitating upon my deplorable situation, my eyes unconsciously closed upon the romantic scene around, and astonishing as it may appear to the reader, I actually *fell asleep*. How long this slumber continued I am unable to say, but finally it was broken by the loud paddling of a canoe near by. Starting up as if from a wild dream, I now became aware of all that had passed,

and of my present condition. But what was my amazement on discovering that my boat was resting on a miniature "Ararat," where it had been left by the receding waters, and was so securely fixed that without assistance it would undoubtedly have been impossible for me to have left the spot until the change of the tide had again over-flooded it? Aground under such circumstances, for two or three hours, was a trial to which Job, luckily, was never subjected. Thanks, then, to the kind fortune which relieved me from my provoking situation.

A boat was drawing nigh, not exactly manned, but under the management of two women, and a young damsel, whose position in the stern of the canoe indicated that she acted as its pilotess; and a right skilful and pretty one she made! Neither of them had any clothing whatever above their waist, and little need had they of them in this wilderness, where the birds and flowers were the only beholders of their charms! As soon as their eyes fell upon me, they began to laugh most immoderately, and quizzically asked me how I became perched upon that sand bar? It certainly was a source of great wonderment to them, but as soon as I had given them as graphic an explanation as I was able of the matter, they immediately jumped into the water, and by their united strength, shortly succeeded in setting my "montaria" once more afloat.

Having proceeded for at least half a mile further up

the stream, I discerned an immense object tumbling and rolling on the surface of the water, within five or six rods in front of my canoe. What it was I could not definitely determine, but I resolved if possible to give it a heavy broadside. To this effect I examined my ammunition, and found that a portion of it was perfectly dry, and several of the caps in a condition for use. Putting a tremendous charge in my gun, I held it ready to fire at the first favorable opportunity, and in this manner gradually approached the unknown monster. To my horror I at length perceived that it was a prodigious "boa," about twenty-five feet in length. In a moment both of my barrels were discharged, but with what effect could not for some time be seen, on account of the density of the smoke. When it had cleared away, I had an excellent view of the serpent, stretched out to his full extent along the margin of the stream, and apparently dead !

Re-loading my gun, I again fired at the monster, and evidently gave him its entire contents. Upon receiving this, his animation, which seemed to have been suspended since my first charge, once more returned, and the animal swam quickly to the opposite side of the stream. His strange motions and convolutions in the water, showed very plainly that he was suffering with violent pain. Finally he opened his mouth to its utmost extent, and to my surprise out came an immense Muscovy duck of the largest size, which, from its appearance, I judged to have been recently swallowed. While in the act

of ejecting this bird, I deliberately stationed myself within a few feet of the "boa," prepared to fire into his mouth the instant he had disgorged himself of the duck. Intense, however, was my disappointment when the cap of my gun exploded without igniting the powder. This was perplexing indeed ! The snake, being now relieved of the load on his stomach, began to be comparatively lively and frisky once more. At last he plunged his head down into the water, and it seemed to me as if he was entering some concealed hole in the bank of the stream ; finally only one foot of his tail was visible above the surface, the other twenty-four having disappeared from my sight. What was to be done ? You must not accuse me of fibbing, dear reader, when I say, that in my desperation I seized with my hands the extremity of the serpent's tail, and gave it a very vigorous pull. The fellow, it appeared, had merely been practising a *ruse de guerre*, for his head immediately emerged from the water, and turning towards me, he thrust out his forked tongue, and began to hiss loudly, while all the time his eyes glistened like coals of fire. Such positive effrontery as this was not to be endured, so I raised my gun and gave the creature another charge. This, I thought, broke his neck, for he floated lifelessly as it were, to the shore. I now conjectured that his end was near, but in this supposition I was altogether mistaken. More than an hour elapsed, and still the serpent lived, and moreover seemed to be recovering his former activity. I watched

him with as much eagerness as a cat ogles a mouse, for I was fearful that he might escape me, and my fears were but too well founded—alas ! too true !!! Having acquired a sufficiency of strength, he commenced a slow ascent of the bank ; as my dry ammunition was now exhausted, it was out of my power to offer him further molestation, therefore he stole on through the bushes with safety, and to my great chagrin and mortification eventually disappeared amid the shrubbery !

Dejected and sorrowful I turned my canoe, and began to retrace my winding course towards L'Aranjeira. "What !" I ruminated, "will J. say when I tell him of my encounter with the snake ? What a capital handle it will be for the quizzing humor of my friend W. at the mills ! Will they not say that my optics were egregiously imposed upon, and that they did not believe the snake was more than five or six feet in length (if, indeed, I saw any), but that the fear and excitement I was under at the time, magnified him to quadruple his actual size ?" This I was confident would be said ; and if ever an Indian regretted the loss of an enemy's scalp, so did I mourn for the loss of that huge and valuable snake !

On arriving at the "orange grove," J. met me at the shore, having been somewhat anxious as to the cause of my protracted absence, and in constant expectation of my return for the two past hours. Seeing that I had no game, his *surprise was increased*, and he eagerly

inquired the reason of my detention. I then gave him a full and correct account of all that had befallen me, but I could see by the smile in his eye that he was rather inclined to be sceptical.

“ Well, Jack,” said he, “ you sometimes deal with the strange and wonderful, but this snake story goes ahead of anything I ever heard you relate before. You never gave me the slightest reason to *suspect your veracity*, but yet may not your eyes have been deceived as to the length of the creature ? You probably remember the anecdote I told you some time ago of the captain and his eighty foot snake ; he intended to tell the truth, but by a simple experiment I discovered that his optics were of a *multiplying nature ! I fear yours are likewise !*”

“ Now, J., for friendship’s sake, don’t say another word on this matter to-day, for I am sufficiently wretched in my disappointment. I see plainly that I am destined to be a martyr to disbelief from this day’s ill-luck. But let us now take a swing in our hammocks under the veranda, and have a comfortable smoke together, for I long to bury in *oblivion* the provoking events of this afternoon !”

At daybreak on the following morning we bade farewell to L’Aranjeira, and started on our return to Maguary. We had not only a considerable number of new birds and other curiosities, but also a large supply of fruit of various kinds, with which the generous-hearted natives had loaded our canoe. .

Without meeting with any incidents by the way, except of the sporting kind, we at length arrived at the "mills." W. seemed glad to see us again; but oh! how he did laugh when J. related to him my snake adventure.

"Well!" said he, "that will do for John to tell his friends when he *gets home*, or will do to serve up to the marines on the passage! And," continued he, addressing me, "allow me to insinuate in the most gentle manner in the world, that if you should ever publish an account of this singular story, it would be well for you to say, by way of embellishment, that when you fired into the snake, he became seriously indisposed; where-upon a whole *flock of ducks flew out of his mouth!*"

At three o'clock in the afternoon I left Maguary for the city. I was accompanied on this particular trip by a Scotch gentleman, who had resided at Para for many years. He was a remarkably intelligent person, and an excellent companion. His fund of anecdotes and marvellous stories seemed inexhaustible, and I experienced much pleasure in listening to their narration from his own lips. The following incident, I remember, struck me very forcibly at the time:—

"Not many years ago," said he, "while residing in one of the loftiest houses in the city, I had a room-mate by the name of Fernando. He was an amiable and interesting young man, but much given to walking in his sleep; in a word, he was a somnambulist! Our

apartment was situated on the fourth floor, and scarcely a night passed that my companion did not get up and perform his nocturnal perambulations through the house. He would unbolt the door as deliberately as if he were awake, and walk about from room to room without ever meeting with any accident, and at last return quietly to his own domicile. Weeks glided away, and I became so accustomed to his peculiar habits that all apprehensions of danger vanished from my mind. I little dreamed of the dreadful consequences which were to ensue. One night, while the moon was shedding her mellow rays in a network of light through the casement, I distinctly saw my friend arise, walk directly towards the window, open it, and then jump out. The noise of his fall, and the agonizing shriek which broke instantly upon my ear, like the wail of a condemned spirit, roused me from the state of stupor in which I had been lying, and I started up, as if just awakened from a horrid dream. My heart throbbed vehemently, and my pulses thrilled with fear. Had I been the victim of nightmare! Alas! one glance at the empty hammock of my companion banished away this delusion, and the terrible truth rushed at once like a cataract upon my mind. Goaded almost to madness, I rushed to an adjacent room, where several of the household were sleeping, and told them briefly all that had occurred. The intelligence filled them with dismay. Getting up as soon as possible, a lantern was procured, and we went out

together into the street ; and there, on the cold pavement, beneath that fatal window, lay the crushed and lifeless body of my mysterious room-mate weltering in a pool of blood and gore !”

Walking on with rapid steps through the shady avenue of the forest, we reached the Roscenia de Nazare shortly after sunset. Pursuing our way into the city, I repaired to Mr. Campbell’s hospitable mansion, where I spent the night. In the morning I was introduced to a young American planter, who had recently arrived from the island of Madeira. The brief narrative which he gave me of his adventures since leaving home was exceedingly novel and entertaining. He told me that it was nearly a year since his departure from the United States, and that in the meantime he had visited Spain and several other European countries. While on a return passage to his native land, the vessel in which he was embarked “sprang a leak,” and was soon reduced to a sinking condition. Being unable to proceed on the voyage, the captain determined to run his ship into the nearest port. Soon they were safely anchored in one of the harbors of Madeira. So well pleased was our adventurer with the attractions of this island, that he resolved to make a short stay before exposing himself again to the perils of the great deep. In a few days he became desperately enamored of one of the beautiful maids of the country ; and so strong was the love with which he was thus suddenly inspired, that he resolved

to make love to her forthwith, and if possible marry her. She was a lovely girl, and could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. The obstacles which were in the way of the desired union would have intimidated any one of a less enterprising nature than our heroic friend. In the first place they were unable to speak each other's language; secondly, they were of opposite religious sects, the young lady and her family being true Catholics, while our hero himself was a Protestant. What was to be done under circumstances so inauspicious as these! Fortunately, the brother of the damsel was conversant with both the English and the Portuguese tongues. To him therefore our friend procured an introduction, and through him a regular and persevering courtship was commenced and carried on for the period of four weeks. The result was the complete discomfiture of the handsome *Senhorita*, who yielded up her heart freely to her victor, on condition that he would instantly become a Catholic. To this he was obliged to consent, and in a few days after he was married to the young lady, whose acquaintance was made so accidentally, and who, in would seem, had been predestined for him by heaven—for only a few weeks had elapsed since neither of them was aware of the existence of the other!

Desiring to see Brazil before returning to the United States, he took passage with his wife in a vessel bound for Para. His brother-in-law accompanied him, and

undoubtedly made himself useful as a translator or medium of communication between the happy pair during the blissful period of their honey moon !

While taking a promenade through the streets of the city, I met with Captain Hayden, with whom I strolled out to the Roscenia. He said that he had been ordered by the "President" of the Province to take the Bishop down to the village of Vigia in his steam vessel, the "Thetis," and in the generosity of his heart he gave me an invitation to accompany him on this excursion. This kind proposal accorded so well with my desires, that I accepted it at once.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Embarkation for Vigia.—The Captain's Cabin.—Plenitude of Cockroaches.—Arrival at Vigia.—The Cathedral.—A novel Spectacle.—A Cabinet of Children.—An Evening Scene.

Just before sunset one bright afternoon, I went on board of the "Thetis," which the Captain had informed me was to leave with the flood tide in the morning, at least two hours before the break of day. The Bishop, Chief Padre, and others of the holy faculty were already aboard, and very pleasant, good-natured, and sociable persons they proved to be. The evening was, as usual, extremely fine, and from the deck of our small vessel the scenery which surrounded us seemed inexpressibly beautiful. By the rich moonlight, the romantic city which lay directly before us, with its curious old edifices and tall green plants of grotesque forms peeping up here and there, looked as if it might be the fairy capital of some enchanted kingdom! On either bank of the noble river proudly arose the wild forest of Brazil in all its incomparable grandeur and magnificence, standing as lovely and as beautiful as it did a thousand years ago, and looking as youthful and as green!

At four o'clock in the morning we weighed anchor,

and with the united aid of steam, wind, and tide, made a rapid descent of the river. At sunrise we were more than twenty miles from Para, and sailing on at the rate of nine or ten knots per hour. The firmament above us was of the clearest blue. The undulating surface of the water was sparkling with the reflected sunlight, while the woods along the shore were dripping with dew, and *shivering* in the mild and gladsome breeze of morn; flocks of birds flew with a chattering sound far over our heads, and occasionally we were visited by large moths and glittering butterflies from the land. Triumphantly our vessel dashed on "like a thing of life," with her wing-like sail fully distended and the spray of her wheels glistening with rainbow hues in the translucent rays of the sun.

I was standing near the forecastle, leaning against the large thirty-two pounder which was there mounted on a swivel, gazing enraptured upon the glorious prospect, and lulled into a kind of reverie by the *tinkling* of the wavelets as they broke softly upon our coppered prow, when I was suddenly aroused from this state of dreamy delight by the steward, who summoned me to the breakfast-table in the Captain's cabin.

The cabin was small, but particularly neat and handsomely furnished. It was supplied with a comfortable sofa, a swinging library of select books, and a splendidly framed portrait of the Emperor, Don Pedro Secundo.

Opening one of the pantry doors, in order to get a

glass of water, a strange scene of insect confusion presented itself, accompanied by a palpable sound of scampering, crawling, and busy running to and fro, such as nothing but a legion of frightened *cockroaches* could make. They had been just feasting themselves upon a dish of sweetmeats which was exposed on one of the shelves, but as soon as they beheld my eyes staring upon them, they rushed so quickly to their various hiding places that in a few moments not a single one of the whole army was to be seen. The Captain, who was reclining on the sofa, beheld the scene with the most perfect apathy, and merely remarked that the whole vessel was perfectly overrun with these odious vermin, and that they were the *most prolific creatures in the world!*

Those who have never visited the Tropics, can hardly realize the size which these insects attain! I have seen them nearly four inches in length, with grossly corpulent bodies and savage-looking physiognomies, running about like hungry lions, seeking something to devour. Two or three "roosters" were permitted to cruise at large over the deck, for the purpose of keeping their increase within bounds! I was often much amused to see these feathered bipeds give rapid chase to a large roach which they perceived at some distance, and then halt suddenly when they had reached him, as if alarmed at his prodigious size and ferocious appearance! Methinks no object in nature could possibly be more frightful than

one of these creatures when viewed through a powerful magnifying glass !

At two o'clock we entered the bay in fine style, our flags waving handsomely in the gentle breeze, and our "*long thirty-two*" thundering forth her deafening salutes, at short and measured intervals !

My first impressions of Vigia were highly favorable. The shores of the bay were of white sand and of extremely gradual ascent. Along the beach, down to the water's edge, was a dense assemblage of people, who had gathered together from all parts of the adjacent country for the purpose of welcoming the Bishop—so great was the enthusiasm which the news of his coming had created.

When the "*Thetis*" had approached within a suitable distance from the shore, she dropped anchor in the stream. Immediately a long and ornamental pleasure boat left the beach, and was propelled towards us with exceeding rapidity. Beneath an ornamental canopy the "*presidenti*," of the village and several other worthy dignitaries sat luxuriantly at their ease on cushioned seats, while a dozen swarthy negroes were pulling at their oars in the body of the craft, with a degree of enthusiasm which was quite remarkable.

As soon as we were boarded by this official delegation, an amusing scene ensued, of outlandish gesticulation, vehement conversation, and ridiculous grimace. The Bishop having put on his splendid robes of office and

seated himself in the boat, it pushed off directly for the shore. Nothing could have been richer than the Bishop's attire. His gown was composed of scarlet silk, while over his shoulders and breast drooped a magnificent cape. From his neck was suspended an elegantly carved cross of gold, while on his head he wore a three-cornered hat, banded by an embroidered fillet of golden tissue.

No sooner had the pinnacle touched the shore, than the congregated throng of devotees prostrated themselves simultaneously upon the ground. The crowd having opened a passage through their midst, the Bishop and his attendants passed slowly on towards the *cathedral*, whose bells were then ringing out a sonorous welcome !

Entering the church in company with Capt. Hayden, we took our position in front, near one of the principal altars. Soon the chant commenced, the most solemn, deep, and wildest strain of melody to which my ears had ever listened.

During the progress of the prayer which followed the music, my attention was arrested by the sound of approaching footsteps, and turning my head a little on one side, from a natural curiosity to see by whom they were occasioned, what was my astonishment at beholding a small Cupid-like boy, in a state of absolute nakedness, walking up artlessly towards the altar, his face beaming with innocence, and unsuffused by the slightest blush of shame !

Emerging from the cathedral we strolled through the town and finally stopped at the humble cottage of the pilot who had guided our vessel safely into the harbor. It was prettily situated near the margin of the river, and so completely enveloped with luxuriant fruit-trees, that at the distance of a few rods it could hardly be discerned.

Never did any one possess a more varied and interesting cabinet of children than this good natured pilot. They were four in number, but yet they were as distinct from each other as if they had been born of as many distinct races. The youngest was a genuine Brazilian, with a light brunette complexion—the next was of a general white, with dark freckly spots of a monstrous size, giving the youngster quite a leopard-like appearance—the third was a perfect mulatto—while the eldest was a handsome girl, with regular features and the rich olive skin of the *mameluke*.

The evening was delightful, and we spent it pleasantly on board of the steamer. The waters of the bay were as waveless as those of a sleeping lake on a mild and tranquil summer's night. Fantastic craft glided in the starlight, each one leaving behind it a train of phosphorescent light. Along the shore, the bushes were drooping languidly, as if overcome with weariness, while their profusion of fragrant flowers gave out their delicious sweetness to the air. But above everything else, towered the

splendid ruin of an *ancient abbey*, which *at that time* and with the feelings which then overpowered my mind, seemed like a great tombstone!—a chronicler of ages that had passed away!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Our Quarters on Shore.—An Intrusion.—A Tableau of Female Beauty.—Description of Victurena, the Maid of Vigia.—Sudden Illness of the Captain.—Departure from Vigia.—Embarkation for the United States.—Farewell to Brazil.

A CONSULTATION being held in the morning, it was resolved that a change of quarters be effected immediately—from the vessel to the shore! The steward was, therefore, dispatched to the village for the purpose of hiring a suitable house for our accommodation. Having faithfully executed this important mission, he returned to the vessel, and gave us so flattering an account of the place he had selected, that we determined to go and take possession of it without delay.

We found the building to be of good size, well ventilated, and in a condition for immediate habitation. It was located on the front street of the village, and commanded an extensive view of the bay and its surrounding scenery, while directly before it lay an immense grass-plot, looking like a carpet of vivid green!

Fortunately our present establishment was provided with a cosy little veranda, and a small yard, plentifully supplied with a variety of shady trees.

One day I ventured, as if by accident, into the garden of our neighbors, nor did I repent my temerity, although the first scene which I beheld, convicted me of unwarrantable intrusion, and chained me to the spot with mingled astonishment and admiration. The dream-like vision which I saw, was that of four love-inspiring maidens, in their lightest garbs, artlessly reclining upon the ground, beneath the refreshing shade of a banana grove !

Recovering in a measure from my amazement, I walked up deliberately to the spot where the damsels were resting, and having saluted them, began to stammer out an apology for the liberty I had taken. They, however, laughed merrily, as if exceedingly amused at my embarrassment, and then reassured me by a cordial welcome.

Grateful for this kind reception, I presented each of them with a *cigar*, and while they are thus engaged in smoking, which the reader is to understand they did with the utmost *goût*, I crave the privilege of describing one of them.

In a word, she was incomparably the most beautiful girl I had ever seen ! In stature she was rather inferior to the average of womankind, though admirably proportioned in every limb. Half an inch more would certainly have impaired the perfect symmetry of her angelic form.

Her face was oval, and her features as classic and ex-

quisitely chiselled as those of a Grecian maid. Her complexion was rich, being slightly tinged with the olive and rose, and as smooth, as moist, and as soft, as that of a young Circassian. Her eyes were as black as the darkness of a midnight tempest at sea, and their glances as quick and bright as the lurid gleams of the lightning! But to what can I liken her ripe, pouting, and ruby lips! even cherries, strawberries, and every other crimson fruit which I can call to my recollection, seem hardly adequate for a comparison! They were as red and glowing as the pure blood which coursed in her veins; and the innocent smile which shed its light over her lovely countenance, animating every feature with its celestial sunlight, must have filled with delight those guardian spirits by whom she is ceaselessly protected—who watch over her fondly—the one over her right shoulder, the other over her left.

Her head was profusely decorated with heavy clusters of fine dark hair, which hung in dishevelled wavy tresses over her delicately rounded neck and shoulders. They were intertwined with a few flowerets, which were the only ornaments she wore! Lovely girl! she needed none save those with which nature had gifted her!

Her dress was becoming and remarkably well adapted to her form and figure. It was sufficiently short to disclose two of the prettiest feet imaginable, and drooped so innocently low as to reveal a bosom of the most ravish-

ing beauty. Such was the charming maid of Vigia. Her name was Victurena!

The relation of my adventure, on my return to the Captain's quarters, created a wonderful deal of merri-ment among the officers, who said that I was now in a fair way of making a *conquest*, provided I only had the *courage* to persevere. Alas! How would it have been possible for me ever to have become a conqueror, when I was already a *captive*!

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Two weeks passed by, and we were still keeping bachelor's hall in the quiet village of Vigia! During the day, we were wont to stroll out for miles in the vicinity of the town, making visits at the different plantations and country residences. Our barrack-room was supplied with a goodly assortment of books and papers from the vessel, and also with a variety of musical instruments, upon which several of the officers played with considerable skill. Our evenings were generally devoted to dancing, bathing, visiting, and dramatic performances. The latter were composed by the officers, and acted by them with much *gusto*. They were invariably of a ludicrous character, and I never witnessed more comic representations of human nature, even on a theatrical stage, than those exhibited by these jolly fellows, solely for their own personal gratification and amusement.

But numerous as were the *other* attractions of Vigia, let no one for a moment suppose that the best of them

bore the slightest comparison to the indefinable charms of Victorena!—no: it was seldom that her angelic form was absent from my thoughts; and even now, when in the small and solitary apartment which I call my own, I sometimes think in silence of the fairest girl who ever crossed my wanderings in the sunny south—of the many walks we took together by the holy moonlight of the tropics, along the banks of the loneliest and mightiest of rivers—it seems almost to my imagination, as if I had indeed communed with one from the spirit land!

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But a dark pall was at length flung over our rural enjoyments, by the sudden illness of our beloved captain. He had been taken with a violent fever, and so rapid and alarming was its progress, that we were fearful that his speedy dissolution was about to ensue; no words can convey an adequate idea of our unutterable grief and dismay, when we first realized this appalling and threatening prospect. It was as if the sun of our happiness was rapidly sinking beneath a dark and tempestuous horizon, and as if the stream of life was being changed into a vast and stormy sea, a boundless ocean; without a single star to illumine its eternal and night-like gloom! Thus does the severance of a single tender tie, of true love or disinterested friendship, darken for a time all the bright realities of life, and cast its lone spectre like a shadow far away into the dim regions of the future!

It was decided by the officer in command, to remove the Captain immediately back to the city, where he could have the most skilful medical attendance. The hour for sailing was appointed, and everything put in readiness for our departure ; a few hours before this took place, as I was walking in the court-yard of our dwelling, I heard the sound of a gentle voice, pronouncing my name with flute-like melody : turning my eyes thither, whom should I see but Victorena herself, standing in a graceful attitude in the midst of a bed of flowers, and holding a solitary rose in her hand. “Senhor,” said she sweetly, “take this rose and remember me.” Need I say that I accepted her fragrant tribute, and that our lips met, while I was whispering to her my last adieu !

It was near sunset when I embarked ; the military guards had assembled (as was their daily custom) upon the broad “Largo” before the village, and were chanting in melodious unison, their evening hymn to the Virgin Mary. At eight o’clock the “Thetis” left her moorings in the bay and proceeded onwards towards the city. The surface of the water was as tranquil as if asleep, and as we noiselessly sailed over it, a host of wavelets, sparkling with phosphorescent fireworks, glittered in our wake, and the great river, as it undulated in the moonlight, seemed like a sea of molten gold ! The magnificence of the starry firmament, the grandeur of the forest, the solemn hush of nature, and the events that

had occurred, were all calculated to fill our minds with grand and solemn emotions.

* * * *

The day for our departure from Brazil having at length arrived, we chartered half a dozen negroes to transport our luggage to the wharf. It consisted of a miscellaneous assortment of trunks, chests, boxes, cages, baskets of fruit, and a number of Indian curiosities, besides many living birds and animals. The negroes are exceedingly afraid of snakes, and do not like to meddle with them, whether large or small. One of the men whom we had hired, however, unconsciously seized the cask in which our boa constrictor was confined, and having placed it on his head, he began to march with it down towards the beach. While he was moving on, the imprisoned snake suddenly commenced hissing in so vociferous a manner, that the frightened black dropped his burden instantly, declaring that the devil was in the cask.

* * * *

It was with deep and sincere emotion, that we finally took leave of all the kind friends upon whose generous hospitality we had for so many months relied. Our minds were overwhelmed with grief, for we were bidding an everlasting adieu to all the beautiful haunts where some of our pleasantest hours of life had been spent!

A fresh and strong breeze swelled our topsails when we weighed anchor, and away flew our vessel like a

.

bird just set at liberty ! Long before the sun had declined, the gorgeous scenery of Para, with its forests of perennial verdure, had faded for ever from our eyes, while the vast and glorious Atlantic rolled in awful sublimity before us !

THE END.

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PPara

